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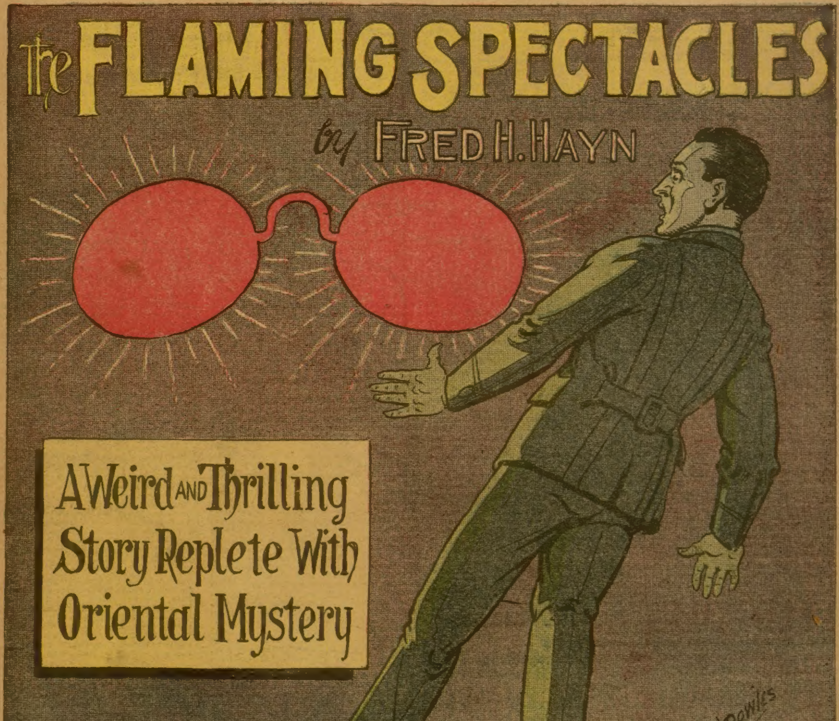
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COMMON SENSE INVESTMENTS

Why Should I Invest?

PERHAPS it has never occurred to you that you ought to invest at all, in the sense of buying securities. It is a natural instinct with most men to try to make money. Except among the spendthrifts, people who "live high," it is also a human instinct to accumulate property. But people are very slow to learn that there is a right way and a wrong way to employ their money after they have earned it and saved it. Investing, properly practiced, is the right way to take care of accumulated money—the way that produces the best results in terms of security, income and happiness, as I will try to explain a little further on.

But before answering the question "Why Should I Invest?" it will be well to ask and answer briefly another question. What is investing? That seems like a rather foolish thing to ask, and yet it is amazing how few people can give the correct answer. Every time a Wall Street bucket-shop goes to the wall, after stealing millions of its customers' money, it turns out that a great many of these deluded people actually thought they were "investing." I have spoken above the human instincts—the instinct to earn and to save. There is another instinct about equally powerful, and that is the instinct to speculate. Speculation is usually the purcahse of something in the hope that it can be sold later at a higher price. Investment is the purchase of something which fluctuates little or not at all in value, which will return a regular income to the buyer, and which offers a good assurance that the owner will get his money back. Most of the bucket-shop patrons merely fail to distinguish between speculating and investing. Even as speculators, they show very poor judgment in choosing their brokers.

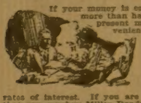
And now for the first question—"Why should I invest in securities?" Securities represent the ownership of property in its most liquid, convenient, safe, and profitable form. It follows, therefore, that the purchase of securities is an excellent way to save money, a thing which every one is striving to do. The funds you put into safe investments are not only secure, but they return a regular income, thereby adding to your accumulations. The ownership of a good bond or of a few shares of good stock is a powerful incentive to further saving. It will help you to practice thrift and industry.

The savings banks are doing a splendid work in encouraging thrift, and I would not for a moment minimize their value. For many people a savings bank account is better than an actual investment. However, good stocks and bonds usually pay more than the savings banks can afford to pay, and after sufficient money has been accumulated in the savings bank it is usually a good plan to purchase securities with it.

There are other reasons why you should invest, if possible. If you put your money into sound securities, you are accumulating property, but you are relieved of the risks which go with the personal management of your property. When you buy a farm with your savings, you must depend on your own skill and management to make it pay, but when you buy securities you are getting the services of skilled executives to do the work for you. In addition, the steady income from safe investments is highly attractive to one whose active years are drawing near their close. As a rule, too, a man's family is usually far better off if, after his death, at least a part of his life's savings are in the form of negotiable investments rather than wholly in the shape of real estate.

But you do not have to wait for death or old age to reap the benefits of conservative investment. A good thousand-dollar bond is a handy thing to borrow on at the bank, instead of mortgaging the entire farm. With sound securities in your box, you will have a sense of financial independence which you will lack without them. They will constitute a business reserve and will enable you to pursue, in a small way, the same sound methods as are employed by big and successful corporations, which are careful to put a part of their earnings into securities, instead of reinvesting the whole sum in their own business.

The next article will be "What Should I Invest In?"



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TELL ME YOUR PROBLEM

PEGGY PARSONS

A word of counsel when the heart is in it
May clear a year of trouble in a minute.

DEAR MISS PARSONS: I am in need of some advice. I am a girl of 17, nearly 18. I married ten months ago, the last of this month. At that time I knew little or nothing about my husband, but I had the old cry of "I want to get away from home," altho I had a fairly good one. My father drank and gambled and I really thought that I was being disgraced. I am not saying I didn't love my husband, because it hurts me even to think so, but I think more of him since our marriage than I did before. I am not satisfied, for a number of reasons. He did not tell me the truth before our marriage. He told me he was 29 and I never doubted it because he is very young looking, but he is 38. He told me he had been married once before, and I find I am his third wife. Our ideas are different as he is older and more settled and thinks I should act like I'm old, but I can't. He nags me when he doesn't feel well, and we don't get along. He has beaten me several times and he has been intoxicated. My father offers to take me home but he says I am to blame and he would always be telling me that. My man is good to me in ways. He is never out at nights and helps me with my work, but he has a bad habit of swearing. I would like to know what to do. Leave him and worry my mother who has had more than her share? If I left him I wouldn't want to stay here, and as wages are low I don't know I could keep my board and dress too. My husband seems to think that most working girls are not right, if they keep up. But he just wants me to think so to keep me from trying it. I have a nice home and at times enjoy it. I have had a common school education and a few months at high school. I have no children. Tell me what to do, leave or stay with my husband.

N. M.

You poor dear, to think that a girl of your age should have so much unhappiness in such short time. It is merely an unfortunate outcome of a young marriage, and a number of years' difference in the ages of husband and wife. There are any number of us possessing pride which often times does us more harm than good. When you look back and see the "disgrace" brought upon you by your father, when he was drinking, that no doubt, seems a very small thing in comparison to what you are going thru now. He still is your father after your marriage, and if there was any disgrace before, it was surely disgrace afterward. Do not be hasty in making your decision. If your home is furnished nicely and comfortably, try to enjoy it as much as possible. Altho you might dread a serious discussion of affairs with your husband, one might help a great deal toward solving your problem. Your parents, unless they are very different from the general run of them, are eager for their child's happiness. Talk to your mother, who is your best friend and ready to console as well as help you. Try to meet your husband half way or a little more. Study his likes and dislikes and endeavor to act a little older in your ways. He will gradually cooperate with you, perhaps. Do everything you see possible to please him. It is all at least worth a try. There are any number of girls working for mighty small wages, who are not doing it merely for the pleasure it offers, but because of necessity, and it is not right that your husband should look at this point as he does. As you say, he is probably trying to keep you from leaving him. That alone shows that he is not anxious for you to break up your home, and possibly if he knows you are truthfully serious in the matter, he will be willing to do his part in making your married life much happier.

Dear Miss Parsons: I am too fat and would like to lose some weight. I also have blackheads on my face and would like to get rid of them. Miss Parsons what colors become me most? I have blond hair, gray eyes and fair complexion.

MISNAMED.

You fail to mention in what way you are too fat. It is only natural that you wish to lose any surplus flesh you might have. It may be that your diet isn't strict enough or you are in dire need of proper exercise. This doesn't mean that you should starve yourself or over-exercise, but there is a limit and rule to both. Without more information I am unable to help you much in that matter. Real cleanliness is tremendously important when one is trying to avoid blackheads, not merely on the outside but on the in. People who bathe the entire body daily and do a certain amount of exercising and who are free from constipation are generally able to do away with blackheads more easily than others. With good circulation the pores readily give off impurities. Drink six or more glasses of water daily, for the internal cleansing. Dainty pastel shades and the many popular cocoa browns should become you nicely.

Dear Miss Parsons: I have a boy friend who did stay in my home town, but he has been away for three weeks. He wrote me a week after he left and I answered it in two days after I received it. Now it has been five days since I have heard from him. Should he have written me sooner? Please tell me how long to wait before answering his letters? How long should he wait before answering mine? He signed his letter "Yours, T." How should I sign mine? Are ruffles going to be worn this fall at all? THE VAMP.

Aren't you a little impatient? Perhaps your friend has not had an opportunity to write to you again. Unless you were very close friends, he probably did not think it necessary to write so often. Five days soon pass when one is away and it may be impossible for him to write as often as he chooses. I should wait a reasonable length of time before answering his letters, unless the letter is to contain some important news. You might sign your name "Sincerely yours, Mary," or a more formal signature is "Very truly yours, Mary." Ruffles will never disappear permanently, as they aid very much to the charm of a frock. At present the circular ruffle is very much in demand, and as it is very becoming, it will probably hold full sway again this autumn.

Dear Peggy: What do actresses put in their eyes to make them so beautiful? Do you think that it would help mine to be pretty? My lashes are very long but stick out straight and are not attractive. What should I use on my teeth to make them white? I use a reputable dentifrice, but my teeth are somewhat stained.

Actresses use nothing in their eyes to make them beautiful. A person's diet has a great deal to do with the sparkle in their eyes and if you should drink plenty of water and avoid rich pastries and sweets, and get a lot of good sleep and plenty of fresh air, there shouldn't be any necessity for wanting to "put anything in your eyes to make them beautiful." It is true that actresses use a beading on their eyelashes, which is much too strong for street use. If your lashes are long they can easily be trained to curl up by occasional shaping with the thump and forefinger. Table salt, if used frequently will remove some stain from the teeth, which a dentifrice might not take off. However, I shouldn't recommend it for daily use.

The Wolves and the Peasants.

TWO WOLVES saw a Peasant sprinkling white powder over a Crow that he had just killed.

"It is poison," said one Wolf.

"Nay, it is not," replied the other. "He puts that powder on to make it taste better."

"But why does he care for us?" said the other.

"I cannot tell you, but the facts show for themselves."

They argued pro and con for half an hour, and both came to the conclusion that the Peasant was simply showing his good intentions. They raced for the meat and devoured it, only to discover that it had been poisoned.

Moral—Sometimes when things look like facts they turn out to be poison.

A Great Help.

"I hear Lazy Kelly finally landed a job with the railroad."

"He did, eh? What's his duties?"

"You know the guy that runs along and taps the axles with a hammer? Well, Lazy Kelly helps him listen."

* * *

Rastus—Yo' done said yo' could lick me.

Jasper—Umhum, I sho' did; want to see me demonstrate?

Rastus—No, indeed; I'se just gathering statistics.

* * *

The Master Mind.

"So, your husband has given up smoking. That needs a pretty strong will, doesn't it?"

"Well, I've got one!"

THE FLAMING SPECTACLES

ON THE iron bed in the center of the room lay a young man, sound asleep. The moonlight, filtering in thru the iron shutters which protected the only window of the room, cast a ghastly glare on the sleeper's comely face.

On the table beside the bed was a hat, evidently the property of the young man, and within easy reach a candlestick and a box of matches. The dusty floor was carpetless, and a wooden chair stood at the head of the bed. Ingress to the room was had by a massive, tho worm-eaten, oak door. The discolored paper on the walls above the rotten paneling was wrinkled and torn. The window was open, but it allowed scant ventilation to the damp, must-smelling room. Evidently the sleeper had gone to bed fully clothed.

For a time there was no sound but the heavy breathing of the exhausted youth. Outside silence reigned. The men operating the gasoline station a block distant had long since retired or gone home.

Presently came a faint scraping sound, followed by repeated thumps, much like those made by tapping a rubber hammer on a tin pipe. The occupant of the bed moved restlessly, opened his eyes and stared about. Instantly the noise ceased. He sat up and rubbed his eyes and forehead in a bewildered manner. Then he sank back on the bed and dropped into a deep slumber.

Once more the noises were in evidence, but this time the sleeper did not waken. Came a harsh, metallic rattle, followed by a sound not unlike the hiss of escaping steam, and the youth sprang out of bed.

"Good God!" he cried in all horror. "The Flaming Spectacles!"

The sight that met his gaze was terrifying. On the floor, directly in front of the bed, appeared a pair of enormous spectacles, apparently made of fire, and beneath them shone two spots of light flickering like a brassy flame. Nearer and nearer the uncanny apparition drew, swaying from side to side and up and down.

The youth tried to cry out, but was powerless to make a sound. Transfixed with horror, his eyes nevertheless darted about in search of a weapon to defend himself against the unearthly thing. The chair was behind him, but he seemed paralyzed. Presently, however, he suddenly seized the bed clothing by a superhuman effort, and jumped forward.

The spectacles expanded, and a frightful sound came from them, like that made by the steam escaping a boiler blow-off cock. The ghastly visitor recoiled, and the young man threw the bed clothing at it with all the strength he possessed.

A harsh rattle, followed by a succession of muffled thumps, becoming fainter and fainter, held the astounded youth spellbound. Then from the bowels of the earth came a piercing shriek and silence.

His heart beating like a trip hammer, the young man groped about on the table for the matches, found them and struck a light. With trembling fingers he lighted the candle, after several ineffectual attempts. Then he turned about and cautiously approached the bed clothing he had thrown at the intruder. With one sharp pull he snatched it from the floor. But the flaming spectacles had disappeared.

For several moments he stood rooted to the spot. What had become of the horrible spectacles! Bending down he examined the floor. To his surprise he discovered a rectangular opening, doubtless belonging to the hot air pipe of the furnace, but the iron grating with which it formerly had been supplied had been removed.

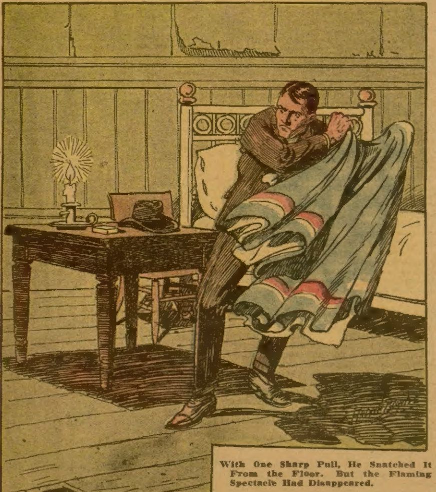
Thoroly puzzled, the youth stared at the opening. The spectacles had come thru the opening, of that he was certain. But no, that seemed impossible! The spectacles seemed to have been twice the size of the aperture. Helplessly he flung himself on the bed.

There he lay for a long time, speculating on the events that had led to his presence in the room. The long ride to Perryville, where he had gone on an errand for the uncle of his sweetheart. The mission had been futile, and he felt indignant at being sent so far out into the country for nothing. On the way back he had run out of gas, luckily but a few yards from the gasoline station.

He remembered waiting until the tank had been filled, and his view of the house in which he now found himself. This was a tumble-down dwelling, for years unoccupied, and had an uncanny reputation. There had been ugly rumors about men being found dead in the house, without any sign of violence. Invariably the verdict of the jury had been death by fright.

One man, the youth remembered, had escaped from the house without injury. It was he who had reported seeing the flaming spectacles. Of course, the house had been searched from cellar to attic; nothing, however, had been discovered which in any way could account for the mysterious demise of the victims of the haunted house.

The youth recollected having conversed with the uncle of his affianced about this house. He had boasted he was not afraid of ghosts, much less the mythical flaming spectacles. The victims had died as the result of an overwrought imagination. Nothing of the sort would happen to him; his nerves were in excellent condition.



With One Sharp Pull, He Snatched It From the Floor. But the Flaming Spectacle Had Disappeared.

Mr. Allan, the uncle, had been much amused at the young man's statement. He promptly offered to wager him a hundred dollars he would not sleep in the house over night. The wager had been promptly accepted.

It was this wager which had prompted the young man to enter the haunted house. Of course, had his sweetheart known, she would have prevented his going into the house, but when he had called that night, her uncle had informed him she had gone out on a visit. This puzzled him immensely, for he had distinctly told her he intended to come.

The youth vividly remembered his feelings when he observed the gloomy little cottage adjoining the haunted house. This was the only habitation other than the house he was in in the block. The occupant of the cottage was said to be a sour, bent old man, whom nobody seemed to know, or care to know. But since every window in the cottage was dark, the young man had assumed he was not at home.

Then he pondered on his entrance to the haunted house, his amazement at hearing voices, the opening of the door, and the discovery that several men as venturesome as himself had entered to play a game of poker, which was then in progress. He had been asked to join the game, and he had taken a hand—and won—a thousand dollars. They had laughingly wished him luck when he had announced his intention to spend the night there.

All these things passed thru the young man's mind in an increditably short time. But he soon came to himself with a start. Suppose the thing returned! He shuddered. "Guess I'd better beat it," he muttered. "Mr. Allan can have the hundred dollars. I guess I can stand it after collecting that thousand!"

Walking to the door he tried the knob. To his horror he found the door locked! It was provided with a spring lock; it must have snapped shut when he entered. Running to the window, he tried the shutters. They were immovable. He sank back on the bed in despair. He was trapped, hopelessly at the mercy of the awful intruder if it returned!

Helplessly he glanced about the room. Suddenly he had an idea. He would beat down the door. He grabbed a chair, but the back came off in his hands. The wood was rotten from top to bottom! Instinctively his hand touched the pocket of his coat. Ha! He remembered it held the flat, open-ended wrench he had used to unscrew the cap of the gas tank. Darting to the window, he began work on the shutters, in an attempt to pry them open. Greatly to his relief he soon found he was making headway, for the woodwork was rotten. Presently he pried away the lower hinge.

But to his dismay he now again heard the scraping sound, heralding the approach of the spectacles. Working in a panic of fear, he managed to loosen several more screws. Ha! One end of the shutter was now free! Frantically pulling down the two window sashes, he jumped up, and began operation on the top hinge. This was all that barred his way to freedom. The noise of the intruder grew louder and louder.

He had just loosened the last screw when there came the familiar but horrible hiss. Without looking back, he gave the shutters a tremendous push; they gave way. Blindly he flung himself from the window.

Fortunately the ground was but a few feet below. He was unhurt, tho considerably shaken up. His breath coming in gasps, he ran around the house. Jumping into the car, he stepped on the starter and was off. Down the road he sped in the light of the moon.

II.

ALTHO an early riser, Prof. Gillespie Dike was still in bed when his front door bell rang insistently. The professor opened his keen blue eyes. He glanced at the small gilt clock on the dresser. It was just ten minutes past 6.

"Overton," called the professor to his secretary, in the bedroom farther along in the hall. "Overton!"

"All right, professor. I heard the bell. Whom do you suppose it can be at this unearthly hour?"

"Very likely some client," replied the professor, jumping out of bed. "The matter must be urgent."

Overton admitted a pretty young lady, accompanied by a young man of about 25, to the professor's study. Both seemed extremely agitated.

"This is Professor Dike," introduced his secretary.

"I—I'm very sorry to trouble you so early, professor," began the young man. "But, really, the matter seems urgent." And he pulled out a handkerchief and dusted his shoes with it.

"No apology is needed, Mr. Murray," replied the professor, rubbing his hands briskly. "I'm always glad to get an interesting case."

"Then you know me!" gasped the astounded young man.

"Never laid eyes on you before."

"Then how——"

"A simple equation with one unknown quantity," chuckled the professor.

"I beg your pardon."

"The solution of a crime, my dear young man, is nothing more than arranging the known quantities in an equation and solving for X! Now, the matter that puzzles you is quite simple. Perhaps I shall puzzle you a bit farther. My algebra tells me you had a long ride in an automobile. You spent the night away from home. I might even tell you where you were, but that equation would need verifying. Suppose I solve that equation by inspection. You spent the night in the haunted house this side of Perryville. You went to bed there with your clothes on, became frightened and jumped out of the window."

Murray stared. "I can't for the life of me understand how you know that, but it's true, every word."

"Allow me," smiled Dike, handing him an envelope he had picked from the floor. "You pulled that out with your handkerchief when you dusted off your shoes. Altho I'm well along in years, I had no trouble reading your name on the envelope. Of course, Overton, here, will tell you anybody could have done that. I retort—assuredly! And anybody could have deduced the other things."

Murray laughed. "The letter, of course, is self-explanatory. But how did you know I had taken an automobile ride?"

"My dear sir! You fairly reek with the odor of gasoline and ask me that! The condition of your clothing, your eyes, your whole appearance tell their story eloquently. You would hardly present such an appearance had you spent the night at home."

"But the jump from the window! And the haunted house!"

"The mud on the seat of your trousers—and that on your shoes. How else could it get there? The haunted house, of course, needed verification. Overton would call it a guess. But when you take into consideration your extreme agitation, coupled with the other features I have mentioned, the deduction seems reasonable. But pray tell us your story."

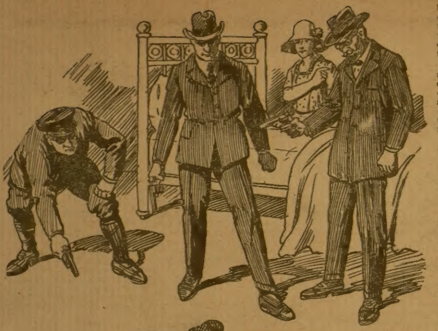
Murray detailed his experiences of the preceding night, which already have been chronicled. "I considered the matter so serious," he concluded, "that I called up Miss Allan as soon as I reached town and told her everything. She asked me to come here at once. Then she told me her uncle had been away all night. We concluded it best all around to come to you rather than the police."

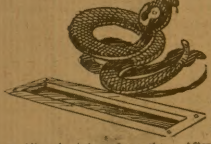
"Um, yes. A most remarkable experience. But I've heard of the spectables. And I recall the deaths you mention. But why did you bother Miss Allan so early in the morning?"

"A most puzzling circumstance. As I told you, I went to Perryville in Mr. Allan's car to get his niece's coat. He said she had left it at the hotel. When I asked for the coat they denied that any person answering their description had ever stopped there! I was mystified, since Mr. Allan had described the place so minutely. Then my wager with him came to mind, and the fact that I had run out of gas within a stone's throw of the haunted house."

"What had that to do with it?"

"I didn't know then; but when I told





"As Soon as the Light Had Flooded the Room They Beheld an Enormous Snake, Writhing in Its Death Agony."

my story to Alice she informed me she had seen her uncle empty part of the gasoline from the tank!"

"So that——"

"I should be compelled to stop near the haunted house!"

"Um!"

"Another thing. Miss Allan told me she hadn't gone out last night at all!"

"All this is very interesting, I admit, but not at all conclusive. You must have some other reason for suspecting Mr. Allan."

Murray looked uneasily at his sweetheart.

"Tell Professor Dike everything," she ordered.

"Her uncle objected to my marrying her when I first broached the subject. But after she had declared her intention of marrying me, with or without his consent, he yielded."

"Even so. Why should that arouse your suspicions?"

"When she marries he loses control of the fortune left her by her father."

"Ah! That is interesting. What is the financial standing of Mr. Allan?"

"Very good. At least, so I've understood. It's possible, tho, he may have lost a great deal of his money."

"Does he gamble? Dabble in stocks?"

"I'm not sure. But I know he's very fond of animals—especially horses. Perhaps——"

"Do you think he might be connected with the—er—haunted house?"

"I can't say. But it's possible. The men I played poker with were all well dressed, refined, and good losers. They had come on a lark, apparently, just as I had. At least, that's what they told me, and I believed them. But the locked door—and the spectacles!"

"I have already solved the question concerning the spectacles," smiled Dike.

"You mean you have solved the problem!"

"Oh, no; not yet. There are still several unknown quantities. But I'll have them shortly. You say Mr. Allan is not at home?"

"I do not know what has become of him," interposed Miss Allan. "Shortly after Mr. Murray called last night he went out. He's been away all night."

"Has he ever done that before?"

"Oh, yes; many times."

"Hm! I'm beginning to believe you are right, after all. At first—well, we shall see."

"Then you think my uncle is a villain?" faltered Miss Allan.

"It looks very much like it."

"And he's been so nice to me! The only cross word he ever spoke to me was when I told him I intended marrying Billy."

"There, there, Miss Allan. I may be all wrong. I still have several equations to solve, and others to verify. The matter will be all cleared up when we visit the haunted house."

"You aren't going out there!" gasped Murray.

"Oh, yes."

"But—the spectacles!"

"We'll dispose of them without trouble. There'll be danger, of course; great danger. Overton, have a car in front of the house in a couple of hours. And have three revolvers ready; Colt forty-fives will do. We'll have breakfast first; then I shall go out for a time. By the way, Miss Allan, has your uncle ever traveled?"

"Indeed, yes. He went all over the world with my father."

"Ever been in India?"

"He was there last year."

The professor chuckled. Then he became grave. "I'm afraid, Miss Allan, there is a shock in store for you. But you'll survive when you learn all. I have no doubt your uncle will not annoy you farther."

After breakfast the professor went out. He returned in high spirits. "It's as you say, Mr. Murray," he announced. "Mr. Allan recently lost heavily both at the race tracks and on the stock exchange. I learned also at the surrogate's that he'd be cut off with but a few dollars in case Miss Allan married you. I'm afraid he's a rascal of the first water."

"But the spectacles; the flaming spectacles! Did he use them to try to do away with me?"

"Perhaps," smiled the professor. "But unless my algebra is at fault, he already has paid the penalty——"

"You—you mean he's dead!" cried Miss Allan.

"My equations would tend to indicate that. However, I must verify them first. I may have blundered in my solutions. The car is at the door, Overton? Good. Then let's be off."

III.

THE ride was a tedious one, over long stretches of indifferent roads, but at length they stopped before the haunted house. They left the car, and Dike examined the grounds. He seemed especially interested in the adjacent cottage. He went over the ground between the two houses with painstaking care. Suddenly he stopped. There was a depression between the two, a foot wide and extended the entire distance between the houses. He gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"Um, yes," he muttered. "That settles that question. We'll examine the cottage later."

They entered the haunted house. The place was deserted, and the door of the room in which Murray had spent part of the night was still locked. After some difficulty they succeeded in forcing the door. They found the room in precisely the same condition Murray had described. The iron shutters, hanging to one side, were just as he had left them.

"Um!" grunted Dike as he looked at the bed. "Fastened to the floor! And in line with the register! Mr. Murray, it's a pity you aren't interested in algebra. It would have saved you much. However——"

Walking over to the rectangular hole in the floor, he bent down and inspected it carefully. "Um!" reaching his hand into the opening. He felt about for a few moments and then withdrew his hand and looked at it.

"Um! Another equation verified. Mr. Murray, close those shutters, please. I want to darken the room. Good. Shut the door, Overton."

Then when the room was quite dark, he stretched out his hand. "Now what do you see?" he demanded. His hand seemed ablaze!

"Phosphorescent paint," he chuckled. "A cheap trick, but an effective one with a person caught locked in a house reputed to be haunted!"

"But the spectacles! They were so large they never could have come thru that register!"

"Oh, yes! You'll see them again presently. Have your pistols ready. Better stand behind that bed, Miss Allan. There is great danger."

Bending down once more, Dike inserted his hand in the register and rattled the pipe. A faint sound came up the pipe. "Get ready," whispered the professor.

Breathlessly they waited as something began to move in the pipe. The noise became louder and louder. Ponderous thumps, followed by a scraping sound were now in evidence. "Don't move," cautioned the professor. "When I say the word, shoot!"

With leveled revolvers, pointed directly at the register, they waited. Two coals of fire presently appeared. Dike stamped on the floor. Instantly there came the sound of escaping steam, which had terrified Murray, a moment later the spectacles appeared. "Now!" cried the professor.

Miss Allan shrieked as three pistol shots rang out.

"We've bagged him," chuckled Dike. "Now open the shutters, Mr. Murray."

As soon as the light had flooded the room, they beheld an enormous snake, writhing in its death agony.

"A cobra," explained Dike. "It is one of the deadliest snakes in India. No wonder the bungling police could not find a cause for the demise of the unfortunates who saw the spectacles!"

"But they have disappeared now," objected Murray.

"That is because its hood has collapsed. When it is ready to strike it extends its body, and the markings in the form of spectacles appear. The genial Mr. Allan painted the reptile with luminous paint, to frighten his victims. That made matters easy for his snakeship, who could be relied upon to complete the job. Now we'll proceed to the cottage. You'll find there the other end of the pipe. I looked for the depressed portion of the soil between the two houses—and found it."

In the basement of the cottage they found a shabbily dressed old man lying on the floor close to an opening in the wall. A cage, obviously used to house the cobra, stood open, close by.

Dike walked to the body of the prostrate man, and with one tug removed a wig and false beard, disclosing the purple face of Mr. Allan.

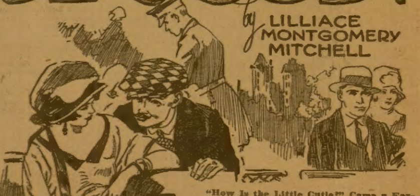
"When you threw the bed clothing at the cobra, you not only frightened it, but you must have aroused its ire. It returned to vent its spleen on its owner! The rascal must have been so certain of success, he failed to be on guard as usual. Past successes made him careless. He has reaped as he sowed!"

"But the men who played poker with me? Were they in league with him, too?"

"I don't know. But I doubt they had anything to do with him. They probably were as innocent as you. More than likely had you not appeared the old reprobate would have engaged in a game with them. Had he lost, he undoubtedly would have bluffed the winner into staying all night in the house. He would then have introduced him to the cobra, who would have ended his career. It would take a sharp-eyed officer to discover the two holes made by the fangs of the snake on its victim!"

BE GOOD!

By LILLIACE MONTGOMERY MITCHELL



"How Is the Little Cutie?" Came a Foreign Whisper at the Back of Her Neck.

LUCILLE watched Fred's figure swing down the walk out of sight. She sighed a little, not loudly, but it was a sigh.

"Sighing spells love," flippantly remarked her younger brother who regarded her lazily thru half-closed eyes. "And there's no use your falling in love right now with him or anybody else. I'm not half thru the medical course—and college calls for money, sis."

"Don't talk to me that way," Lucille answered crossly.

"Ah! In what dulcet tones do we talk to him and how like a dog we address our own flesh and blood! Ah, me! Thus doth the merry world wag its way about its orbit once every twenty-four hours, isn't it, sis?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "You don't need to worry about my falling in love. A girl doesn't love a man until he's—asked her to," she ended weakly.

"Bunk!" snapped her brother sitting up suddenly. "Bunk and more bunk! If that bird asked you to marry him you'd chuck your job like a shot and I could earn my way thru college like half the poor wops down there. That's what I could do!" His tone was bitter now.

"And if you did, Wally, I don't think it would particularly hurt a big, strapping fellow like you one speck." His sister's voice was serene and without waiting for further parley she left the room.

When Lucille looked on the assignment sheet of the Daily Moon she was surprised to see opposite her name:

"See Cheney."

Cheney was the head man and seldom troubled himself about reporters at all. He gave his orders to them, when he had any, thru the under editors. Lucille had never even met him. She wondered dully if she was to be dismissed. Hurriedly she tried to recall some error she had recently made, something large enough to be fired for. As far as she could see there was not one thing during the past two weeks, anyhow, and if it had been something that had happened prior to that time surely she would have at least heard of it before. Wally would be furious if she lost her job. To be sure, it would not make any difference as far as she was concerned for there was enough income for both of them to live and live comfortably. It was the medical college fees, the laboratory fees and books and trips to certain distant hospitals which required the extra money.

She paused a moment before the crinkly office mirror to look at herself, to wish she had worn her best hat instead of this little sand-colored thing with its band of ribbon about the crown. She wished she had worn her frilly blouse that looked prettier coming out of the front of her blue tricotine than this pongee shirt with the silk tie she was wearing. It was too late to think of changing, now, however, and so she hurried down the hall to the door marked: CHENEY.

He inspected her very deliberately as she entered. "You're a bit too refined, I'm afraid," he said slowly. "I wanted some one——"

Lucille felt herself stiffen slightly.

He was looking at her impersonally as an artist regards the object he is about to sketch: "Still, with a rakish hat down over one eye a bit, some cheap perfume that can be bought at a cut-rate drug store and a cheap lace front—shirt front or whatever it's called, coming out of your coat—why, that would change even you quite a bit. You might have your hair frizzed, too."

"But—" exclaimed the bewildered Lucille.

"Oh," he said with a short laugh. "I didn't tell you what it was all about, did I?"

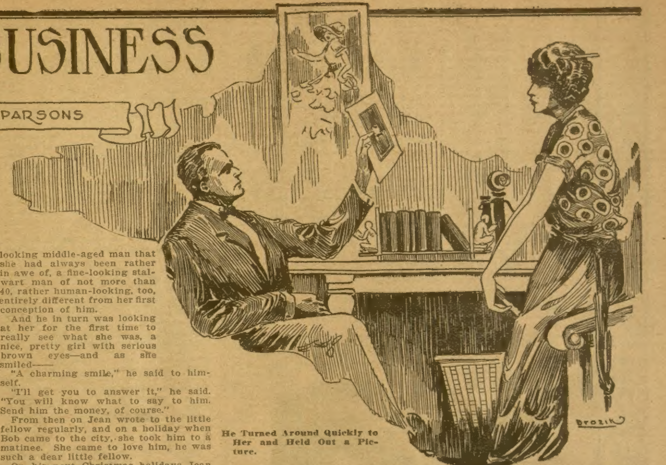
She noticed that his laugh was pleasant and sincere and that his teeth were remarkably white. It was quite contrary to the general office notion of the man. Outside he was supposed to be a cigar-chewing orgre with yellow teeth and a barking voice.

"There has been quite a lot of trouble lately about mash cases. The police have made arrests and the judges have failed to convict. I want a series of special articles on it. You're to do them. You're to make up like an ordinary girl of the lower middle class, then you're to ride on the bus and street cars, not trying to

(Continued on Page 25.)

MIXED BUSINESS

by LOREITA PARSONS



He Turned Around Quickly to Her and Held Out a Picture.

JEAN SUMMERS' father was a professor in a small college in the Middle West. Her mother had died some years before Jean reached her teens, as if the struggle were too much, she had lain down in despair.

There was no money available for education when Jean reached college years; so Jean said she would go to New York, take a business course and become a secretary. New York it must be, as every one who went forth to seek their fortunes turned their faces towards New York. It was inevitable.

Jean was thoroly capable of looking out for herself. A girl with clear brown eyes, reddish-brown hair and a good figure, always quietly and correctly dressed, and with an air of common sense and energy about her that was very fitting for a business girl. She was reserved without being unfriendly, impersonal without losing her charm. Just the kind of a girl to get along in the world, her friends said.

As a matter of fact Jean was not half self to be. She was slow and much too as capable as she looked or thought her-reasonable; she was a natural student and very clever if you let her alone, but when she came to an emergency she got rattled and nervous.

When she had finished her business course she set out to find a job and got one without any difficulty on account of her serious appearance and her charming smile. But there she stuck. In all the years she had been there. she had never gotten a raise.

She felt no resentment toward Life. She thought if the other girls she knew could support themselves on their wages then why shouldn't she? She admitted to herself that she might have made a better teacher than stenographer, for she was very fond of children. But as it was, she would have to go on. Her future did not look very promising.

If she had had a background, clothes, dances, music, etc., she would have been very charming, but at her desk, she was just out of it all.

She really had only one girl friend, no men had ever been interested in her, a woman of some thirty years, with a sour face and a very dignified air, one who would never attract men Jean thought, and yet very calmly one day Miss Matthew said:

"Miss Summers, I'm to be married next week and I have recommended you for my place as secretary to Mr. Abney."

"Oh! That's lovely," said Jean, hardly suppressing her amazement. "And so nice of you to recommend me to Mr. Abney for your place."

Jean knew that Mr. Abney had a reputation of being hard to get along with, and on the first morning after Miss Matthew's departure she went into her new office with her heart fluttering.

"Have a seat," he said. "Mr. C. A. Smith, Dear Sir:" and Jean began to think that he had not noticed that she was not Miss Matthew.

She didn't do any too well the first week, she knew this, as she was afraid to use her own judgment without his approval. But she managed to get along.

SHE was opening his mail one morning when she came across a strange letter:

"Dear Father: I bet you wouldn't know me if you came out hear sum Sunday I am such a big boy now. My teachers say I am doing fine. I wish you would send me a dollar so I could join the basket-ball teem. I am well and hope you are well. Your loving son, BOB."

She could picture a lonely little fellow off at school somewhere; wanting to see his father, yet half afraid to say so. She put it on top of the morning's mail so Mr. Abney would be sure to see it first.

Mr. Abney came in, "Good morning," he said in a gruff tone, sat down at his desk.

"Take this, please. 'My Dear Son: I received yours of the tenth——'"

Jean gave a gasp and he looked up quickly.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I thought——" and she stopped, afraid.

"What is it?" he repeated, "What did you think?"

"I—I thought you'd answer it," faintly.

"Why, I am, I am answering it. Oh!" he said, and swung around to his desk again.

"He'll let me go now, sure," she thought. "Oh! why did I say anything?"

He turned around quickly to her and held out a picture. It was a photograph of a boy, with a sweet, serious face, and she smiled as she looked at it.

"That's my son," he said. "My wife has been dead seven years and he is away at school."

She looked at him quietly and was astonished to find instead of the gruff-looking middle-aged man that she had always been rather in awe of, a fine-looking stalwart man of not more than 40, rather human-looking, too, entirely different from her first conception of him.

And he in turn was looking at her for the first time to really see what she was, a nice, pretty girl with serious brown eyes—and as she smiled——

"A charming smile," he said to himself.

"I'll get you to answer it," he said. "You will know what to say to him. Send him the money, of course."

From then on Jean wrote to the little fellow regularly, and on a holiday when Bob came to the city, she took him to a matinee. She came to love him, he was such a dear little fellow.

On his next Christmas holidays Jean was to meet him at the station, take him to lunch, to a matinee and deliver him at the office to go home with his father that evening.

She was standing talking to Mr. Abney when a fat, jovial little man rushed into the office, a particular friend of Mr. Abney's.

"Hello! Busy?" he said. "I want to take you to lunch with me."

"No, I'm not particularly busy; go with you in a few minutes," Mr. Abney replied.

"Give the little fellow anything he wants for lunch, buy him toys, keep him amused," he said to Jean, handing her a roll of bills.

"I think he needs some clothes, too, you know, maybe some shoes, a pair or two. Get anything you think he needs; use your own judgment."

"All right," she replied. "I have a list of the things he needs, and I think one or two books to take back would be nice." And Jean started out with a smile and a "Good-by" to them both. She stopped just outside the door to see if she remembered everything. At the same instant Mr. Abney's friend said in a loud tone:

"My heavens, I thought she was your secretary, not your nurse-maid. Now which is she really?"

"Well," replied Mr. Abney, "she is not much of a secretary, but——"

Jean never waited for the sentence to be finished, but flew away from the door and into the street. She never knew how she got thru the afternoon with Bob, but when it was all over she went to her boarding-house and threw herself across the bed and wept, a thing she had not done since her last doll was broken, years and years ago. Her whole world seemed tumbling about her.

"What could she do?" she thought. "She would leave, of course; she couldn't stay on knowing that she wasn't filling the place satisfactorily." She was too conscientious. "Why did other girls leave?" she wondered. "What excuse did they give?" She couldn't tell Mr. Abney that she didn't want to stay on as a secretary, when she was only a nurse-maid. "Miss Matthew left to be married, but she couldn't be married, she wasn't even engaged. That was it, tho, she could say she was going to be married and get her a job somewhere else."

THE next morning Mr. Abney met her with his usual jovial greeting, saying:

"Well, well, Bob said he had such a nice time with you yesterday and is planning for you to take him to another matinee on his next holiday in town."

"I am sorry, Mr. Abney, but I am leavign at the end of the week, or before if you can get some one to take my place."

It was a tone he had never heard from her and he looked at her in amazement.

"Why, what's the matter, Miss Summers; isn't your salary satisfactory? I thought you liked the place."

"I am going to be married," she said.

"Oh! Well, congratulations," he replied. "I'm sure I hope you will be happy." And he began to dictate to her.

He was very disagreeable all day, not in words especially, but his tone and looks. Jean made so many errors that she had to fight back the tears all day.

"What is wrong with me?" she thought. "I have never been like this before."

She spent a sleepless night and went to work the next morning so listless and wan looking that Mr. Abney was distressed.

"I'd like to meet your fiance to tell him what a lucky fellow he is. Can't you arrange it, Miss Summers?"

"I—I'm sorry, he isn't in the city," said Jean, becoming confused.

"You—you look worried, Jean—Miss Summers. Are you sure you are not making a mistake?"

"Why, Mr. Abney!" she said coldly.

"Pardon me, but——" and Mr. Abney went out of the office.

He must now get some one to fill her place. But could any one ever fill her place with him? He made no denial of the fact to himself. He was indignant at the thought of any one but Miss Summers doing the things he wanted done for him and his boy.

He looked over all the girls in the outer office, but not one, he decided, would suit him. He had advertisements inserted in different papers, but to no avail.

Then he began to think about Jean's private life. He had never heard her mention a friend. When had she met him and where? Was he young, good-looking? What had she been doing after office hours—where had she been going? To think that he could have been having the pleasure of her wonderful companionship. Why had he never thought of it before? Suddenly the thought of being without Jean forever became unbearable. Maybe she was marrying some one because she was tired of being alone. Why hadn't he thought of it before it was too late. He decided he would speak to her again.

"Miss Summers," he said, "tell me something about the man you are to marry. You know I am interested in your welfare."

"There is nothing to tell," she said. "Anyway my mind is made up. I am leaving here."

"Very well," he replied. "I will not trouble you again."

"And Mr. Abney, can I help you get a secretary? I would like very much to leave at once."

"Why, certainly, you can leave when you care to; by all means suit yourself. I can find a secretary without your help, thank you, Miss Summers."

"He would show her that he could get a secretary and he'd not bother her again," he told himself. And he started to answering some advertisements in "Situations Wanted."

The next morning she came hurrying into the office late. She had never been late before and was just apologizing when he said:

"Take some letters"—so short and cross that she jumped and dropped a package on the floor. The rubber which was holding the package of letters together broke as it fell and the letters scattered over the rug. Half grudgingly he stooped to pick them up, while she had gotten quickly to her knees and was gathering them hastily together, when he stopped, looking at one that had fallen face up.

"That is my letter; I wrote it yesterday," he said as he recognized his handwriting. "Why, what are you advertising for a position for? I wrote that letter in answer to a Want Ad in yesterday's paper."

"Well I——" she stopped, blushing.

"Oh, you just wanted to get away from here? No, you are going to continue working after you are married and didn't want me to know it. Why, I'll let you keep the place. You must keep it if you have to work."

"No, Mr. Abney, I am not going to be married. I had to get away, and your other secretary left to be married and I thought that would be a good excuse."

"But why, why in the world do you want to get away? Aren't you satisfied?"

"Well, the other day I couldn't help hearing you when your friend asked if I was a nurse-maid; you said I wasn't a good secretary——"

"Yes, and if you had just waited to hear the rest"—and Mr. Abney gathered her in his arms—"you would have heard me say 'but she'd certainly make a wonderful wife!'"

THE END.

ANGEL FACE

by RALPH CUMMINS

IF EVER a horse had all the earmarks of an outlaw killer it was the hideous nightmare that some joking wag had named Angel Face. There was something about the rakish set of his little ears, and the diagonal placing of his red-rimmed eyes, and the sinister threat of his tossing head that always made me want to climb a tree. Besides, I knew a little of his history. Tex Gibson, foreman of the M A Ranch, had told me about horses. But according to Tex the big black had rewarded with broken bones and hospital bills all attempts to make him into a respectable saddle animal. Tex was always reluctant about discussing the outlaw, but I could understand that; it was plain to me that Tex Gibson had himself fought a few disastrous rounds with Angel Face. But I didn't need to have anybody tell me about that horse. One look at those flattened ears, and sinister red-rimmed eyes, and I was ready to swear that Angel Face was untamable, unridable—a vicious, trampling killer.

And yet—the city-dwelling, faddist owner of this M A Ranch kept him, and Kerby Carrigan, my star, had been so

taken with him upon our last location trip to the ranch, that he had tried to buy Angel Face. Truly the heart of the horse-lover is a mysterious thing.

And now, in behind the stables, this black-haired, sport-suited slip of a girl, whose purple roadster had just followed our studio cars into the paradise valley of the M A Ranch, and who had gained the invitation to watch our picture making by asking Kerby to change a tire from which I knew she had purposely removed the air—this society-brand girl was poking her hand thru a crack in the corral fence and patting the quivering nostrils of Angel Face. I gasped and I think my heart lost several beats.

As I hesitated, fearful that my warning to the girl would be the signal for those grim jaws to clamp upon her hand, the young woman climbed upon the very top of the fence, fumbled within her tiny vanity case, and, with crooning invitation, presented a piece of candy to the eager horse. And while I stared, amazed, she reached far over the fence and playfully rumpled his little ears. When Angel Face tossed his head and thrust his nose against the girl's cheek, I actually shivered.

Then I saw on the ground a piece of paper that had dropped from the vanity case. I picked it up, noted that it was a telegram, and even as I started to pass it up to her I read it at a glance. It was dated two days before from Santa Barbara, and was addressed to Marianne Harrison, St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco.

"Carrigan Company will be up the tenth."

All at once I was so hot with resentment against this clever young woman that I forgot her danger from Angel Face. She had deliberately planned to meet Kerby Carrigan. She had been notified by wire that we were coming up to the ranch on location, and she had waylaid us with that low-down trick. Oh, I had seen things while we were changing the tire! I had observed that the tire mark where she had turned out of the road was the track of an inflated tire. And while Kerby had been tightening the lugs, I had picked up a twisted hairpin from beside a woman's footprint in the sand. Marianne! A fine name! Suddenly my love for Kerby Carrigan, my square-shooting star, overcame my reluctance to discussing this girl's infatuation.

"Miss Harrison," I said sharply; and when she turned, startled—"you dropped something."

Her eyes took in the telegram and the twisted hairpin that I had taken from my pocket.

"Romantic!" I blurted out sarcastically. "But decidedly childish. Letting the air out of a tire in order to meet your hero. You——"

I broke off uncertainly for the red blood had flooded her face and neck. While I blinked at her embarrassed features, she climbed off the fence, looking away, struggling for composure. All at once I had only pity for her.

"I am sorry, Miss Harrison," I said impulsively, "but you—you're all wrong. If you could know Kerby Carrigan as I do—if you could know of the endless line of girls who have tried much the same—er—tricks that you used—why, you would understand how hopeless it is. Frankly, a society butterfly like you has about as much chance of interesting Kerby Carrigan as—as she—as you would have of riding Angel Face."

Then she was her cool, self-possessed self again.

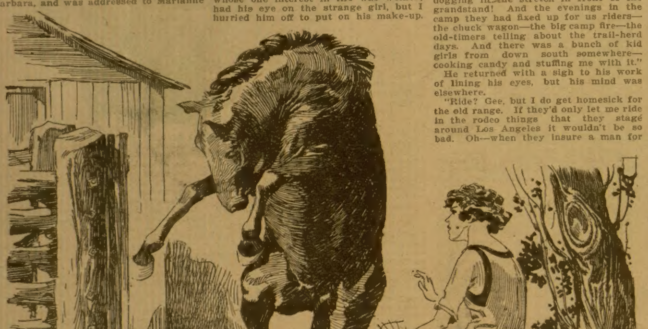
"I thank you for your—ah—advice. But I have gone too far to back out now. I admit everything—I have followed Mr. Carrigan's career in pictures—and just recently I heard something about him that made me want to see—to find out for myself—if— So I—I bribed my—my spy to let me know when you were coming to make pictures at the ranch. And I did something I was never guilty of doing before—I asked a man to change my tire." She gave a little laugh; then she sobered and her eyes searched my face with a grave questioning. "If you are sure of Mr. Carrigan—then—you will not need to warn him."

I laughed at that. "Oh, don't let that trouble you. I wouldn't think of worrying him with such things. No, I'm just trying to ease you down to the fall you have coming."

"Strange, isn't it?" she drawled, as we walked toward the ranch-house and came into sight of Kerby, a striking figure in his white flannels. "One wouldn't think to look at Mr. Carrigan now, or to see him in his present real-drama pictures, that he ever rode outlaw horses, and slept in sweaty saddle blankets. One can't go so awfully much on the side that shows, can one?"

She finished with a little shrug, and a sidewise laughing glance at me. Now, what did she mean by that? I was still puzzling over her remark when we reached the cottonwood grove in front of the ranch-house where the members of my company were powdering their make-up.

Sam Tucker, our handsome heavy, whose one interest in life was women, had his eye on the strange girl, but I hurried him off to put on his make-up.



Angel Face Reared, Whirled Around in the Air, and Lunged Straight at the Girl. But She Ducked Aside, Met the Great Outlaw—Buried Her White Hands in His Mane—Ran at His Side.

With a little sniff of something akin to disgust, I saw Miss Harrison heading directly to where Kerby Carrigan was seating himself in a car before a mirror propped upon the steering wheel. I sat upon the running board with my script, figuring on the first shots. Miss Harrison's opening remark made me smile.

"Don't you find these—ah—ranches a bore, Mr. Carrigan? So hot and dusty and smelly?"

NOW, around the Carrigan studio there were a few of us old-timers who remembered when Kerby Carrigan, a range-bred, Wyoming cowpuncher, had clumped into the old Wild West lot in Hollywood, packing a silver-mounted saddle sewed up in burlap. He had been fresh from the Pendleton Round-up, where he had won the saddle and enough prize money to carry him to picture-land. True, that was eight years ago, and Kerby Carrigan was now one of the big stars, but to those who could read the boyish longing in his eyes at times—but he was replying to the girl:

"I was raised on a ranch, you know," he said gently. "I grew up with cattle and horses and cowboys. I suppose this will shock you, Miss Harrison, but I'd rather roll into an old saddle blanket out under the stars than to sleep in the best bed in Los Angeles. I love a ranch. I love horses and cattle and cowpunchers. Some day I'm going to have a ranch—just like this—myself."

I looked round. Kerby was staring straight out over his mirror, his eyes narrowed and unseeing. I glanced at Miss Harrison, curious to note the effect of his frankness upon her. At first she seemed to be wrapped in the same cool superiority; then I saw her eyes.

I stared, catching my breath. What emotion could give her eyes that shimmery luster? Surely Kerby had said enough to wreck her hero-worshipping illusions. Still, she might have a lovesick girl's admiration for qualities that she could not understand. Or, was it sympathy for the homesick longing that was so plain in Kerby's voice and manner. Miss Harrison's calm drawl cut into my speculations like an icy draft.

"How strange that one should fancy a place like this." Was she deliberately baiting him? "Haven't I heard, Mr. Carrigan, that you used to ride in the rodeos?"

That roused him as I knew it would. But there was always something pathetic about him when he spoke of these days.

"Yes, I used to ride—but not now. Yes, you know I got my start at a Pendleton Round-up. Won a saddle and enough money to get to Los Angeles. Gee, that was some doings! I can see the old corral out in the field with the boys smoking on the fence and the strings of cow ponies tied outside. And the racing, and the bucking, and the bulldogging in the stretch in front of the grandstand! And the evenings in the camp they had fixed up for us riders—the chuck wagon—the big camp fire—the old-timers telling about the trail-herd days. And there was a bunch of kid girls from down south somewhere—cooking candy and stuffing me with it."

He returned with a sigh to his work of lining his eyes, but his mind was elsewhere.

"Ride? Gee, but I do get homesick for the old range. If they'd only let me ride in the rodeo things that they stage around Los Angeles it wouldn't be so bad. Oh—when they insure a man for a quarter of a million, I don't suppose they can be blamed for keeping him packed in cotton. But—some day—I'm going to bust out and ride the worst old outlaw I can find!"

He was silent, until Miss Harrison, following the direction of his wistful gaze, started him off again.

"I suppose," she remarked carelessly, "that you admire that big horse you are looking at?"

She indicated Angel Face, nibbling hay at a rack inside the corral.

"Yes," replied Kerby softly; then he smiled. "Possibly it is worse than admiration—I fear that it is covetousness. I've tried to buy that horse—and I've dreamed several times that I had stolen him. Yes, he is a beautiful horse. And yet"—he shook his head—"they say he can't be broken. I understand that he's a real wild horse—that the owner of this ranch brought him from Utah."

Tho my back was to her I knew that the girl had shrugged her shoulders; I could almost see her nose turn upward.

"I can't imagine why any one would want to keep a wild horse"—I was sure now that she was leading him on—"or why you should want to buy him."

"No, I don't suppose you could understand," returned Kerby kindly, and there was pity in his quiet smile; "not even when I say that I believe I want that horse more than anything else in the world."

I looked again at the girl's face, hoping to catch another glimpse of her hidden emotion. But mild wonder was all that I could read.

"What would you do with such a horse?"

"There's a little ranch in the Calabassas hills that I can buy," replied Kerby thoughtfully. "I'd make a pal of him. I'd ride him too—without a fight."

I saw Miss Harrison nod slowly and gaze down toward the horse. Then she glanced at Kerby, a trace of a smile upon her lips, a half-mocking glint in her eyes. But when she spoke the drawl was almost gone from her voice.

"Would you be greatly surprised, Mr. Carrigan—if I said that I do—understand."

Kerby looked at her then. I actually believe it was his first straight look at her; I saw his brows come together in a puzzled frown.

"Why, I—I've met you somewhere before, haven't I, Miss Harrison?"

Just a hint more of color came into her olive cheeks, while the little twisty smile became more pronounced upon her lips.

"Oh, surely you must be mistaken, Mr. Carrigan. From what you say—our paths must have been very far apart."

JUST then I sighted Tex Gibson, the ranch foreman, and I hurried up to meet him. Tex was a very tall and very thin man, with a long nose and baby-blue eyes, and legs so bowed that a slap-stick comedian could have dived between them. He seemed strangely nervous as he gripped my hand; there was a plaintive frown upon his forehead, and his leathery features were lined with worry. But he managed to grin.

"Glad tuh see yuh, Bert. Sorta breaks up the monotony fo yuah bunch tuh come up heah." His blue eyes found Miss Harrison and Kerby. There was a furtive question in the gaze he turned on me. "Looks like Carrigan's met up with an ol' friend."

"Friend?" I exploded. "I should say not! There's about a million miles between those two. She must be one of that rich tourist bunch down at Santa Barbara."

I had always placed Tex Gibson as the most persistently curious man in the world, so I knew he was really worried about something when he failed to make any further comment on the strange girl. And his troubled manner remained while we talked casually of the rotten price of beef cattle, and the prospects for early rain.

"Say, Bert," broke in Tex abruptly, "I wish yuh'd make that little spell of yore's about smokin'. I'm sorta—" He threw a quick glance toward Kerby and Miss Harrison.

"Sure, I forgot about that. Say, folks," I called to my people, "you who haven't been up here before—the owner of this ranch is rather nervous about fire. Everything is pretty dry, and these stables and corrals hold some of the most valuable thorobred stock in California. They have a rule here that allows smoking only in the bunk-houses and around the ranch-house. We are guests up here—I hope you will all respect the owner's rules."

We put in an hour in front of the ranch-house getting entrances and exits with Kerby and his lead. Then, with Tex Gibson and my cameraman, I walked out on the brink of the gravel bank and looked down at the shallow creek, and at the haysheds and barns beyond.

"That little stable right opposite here looks good," I said. "I believe I can get those shots of Kerby and Tucker down there."

"But first-off," put in Tex with boyish eagerness, "I wanta show yuh something in that same li'l' ol' barn. We got a ten-thousand-dollar colt down there. I bet yuh never—hey—you! What the h—l!"

I jumped round to find that his outburst was directed at Sam Tucker who had strolled up smoking a cigarette.

"Say,"—Tex planted himself in front of Tucker—"if it wasn't that yuh're workin' fo' a friend uh mine I'd slam yuh intuh the creek. Wasn't yuh asked all polite not tuh smoke aroun' heah?"

It was said of Sam Tucker that he had raised his goat on double-distilled egotism; anyway, a little thing like Tex Gibson's bawling-out never could feaze him. He merely stared over the foreman's head, shrugged his shoulders, and tossed the cigarette over the bank.

At that Tex swelled up like a fighting dog and glared from Tucker to the trail of smoke rolling down the bank. Then he turned his back on our undisturbed villain and called to one of his men.

"Hey, Buck, shin down this bank an' kill that live butt. There—she's landed in that bunch uh weeds."

That closed the incident—but I resolved to remember it when we returned to the studio. We loaded into the studio cars and drove round to the little stable across the creek. The road swung down the bank in a long, easy grade to the left, crossed the creek on a rustic bridge, and came back on the other side to the stable, which was almost opposite the ranch-house. It was half a mile around by the road; not more than a hundred yards if one could have slid down the bank and forded the creek.

UPON our arrival before the little frame stable, Tex Gibson herded us inside to look at the wonderful new colt. It was in a box stall with its mother, a

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(Continued on Page 13.)

A Newspaper Reporter Solves a Strange Crime.

Shumway Stalks a Monster

By Edwin Baird

THORNTON PIERCE, city editor of The Evening Herald, opened the envelope of "dope," which a copy boy had brought from the "morgue," glanced thru the contents, then directed his gaze to the members of his staff, seated at their desks in the local room. His spectacled eyes finally rested on Waldron Shumway, generally recognized as The Herald's star reporter.

"Shumway!" he called.

Shumway rose from his typewriter and walked briskly to the city desk.

"What you writing, Shumway?"

"Cheap little story of a west side stick-up. Worth eighty words."

"Turn it over to Kennedy. I've an assignment for you." Pierce picked up the newspaper clippings which he had removed from the manila envelope. "Been reading the Springdale stories about the sheep-killing duck?"

"Ive read them all," said Shumway. "Great stuff!"

"I want you to take the next train for Springdale. There's one leaving in thirty minutes on the C. & I. That'll land you there before 5 o'clock; and you can file a postscript story for our early run tomorrow. Here's all the dope."

Shumway pocketed the envelope of clippings and looked at his watch.

"Any further orders, Pierce?"

"No. The story may be a blomer—it reads like a hang-over from the silly season—but at least it will give you an agreeable outing."

Shumway, starting forth to cover the assignment, was persuaded he was entering upon a lark. He couldn't take the Springdale story seriously. It seemed a stupendous joke.

As his train moved from Chicago, he refreshed his memory with the newspaper clippings, beginning with the first one, published six days ago in a morning paper:

> SPRINGDALE, Sept. 8.—Judson Ranney, a farmer living two miles west of here, reported today that one of his sheep was killed last night by a strange animal with webbed feet.
>
> Ranney says he found the sheep dead, with its throat slashed open, and webbed footprints leading thru the pasture to Duck Lake. The footprints, according to Ranney, measure thirty-five inches in diameter, indicating that the animal or bird, or whatever it is, must be of tremendous size.
>
> Ranney declares he will watch for the unknown creature tonight with a loaded shotgun.

Shumway, smiling indulgently, returned the clippings to the envelope and read the next, which had been published two days afterward in the Evening Herald:

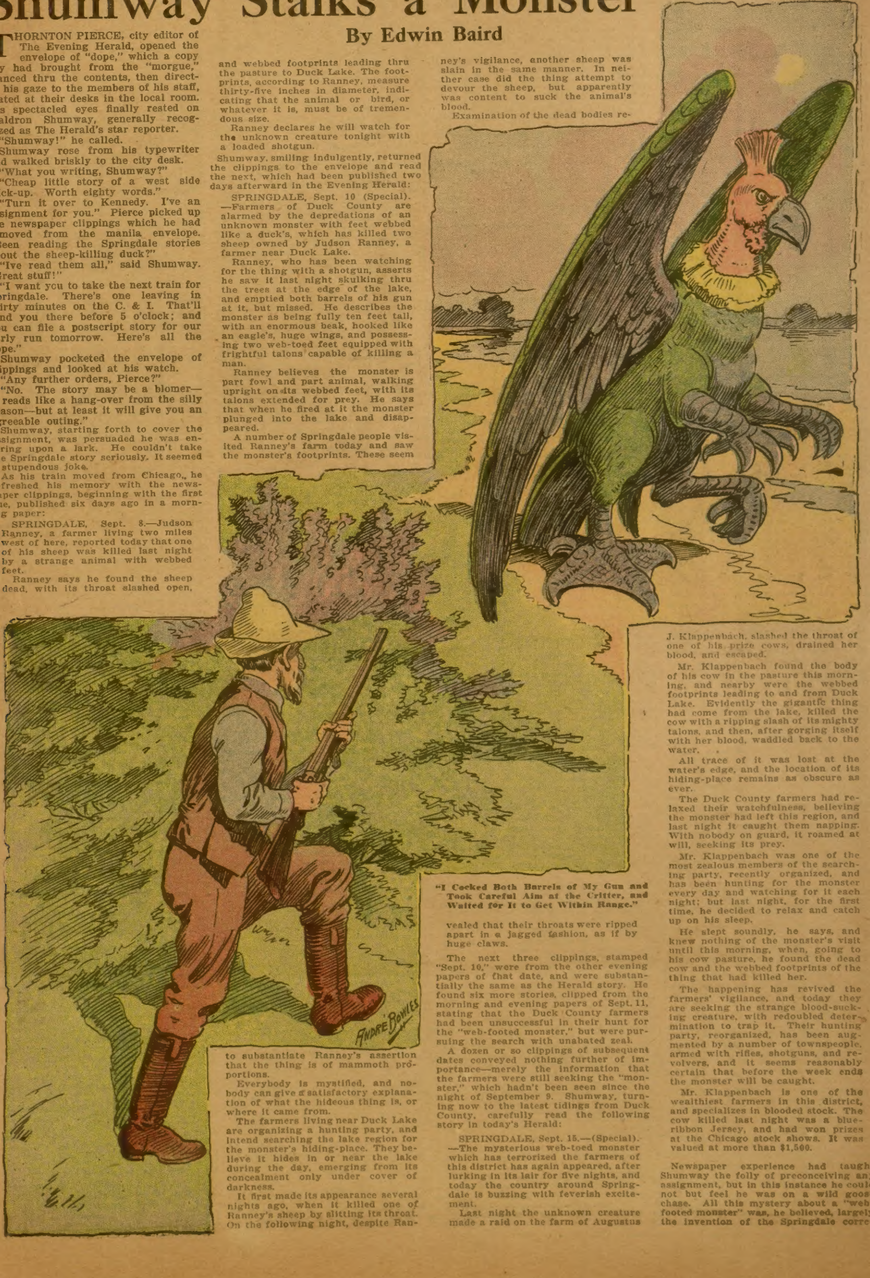
> SPRINGDALE, Sept. 10 (Special).—Farmers of Duck County are alarmed by the depredations of an unknown monster with feet webbed like a duck's, which has killed two sheep owned by Judson Ranney, a farmer near Duck Lake.
>
> Ranney, who has been watching for the thing with a shotgun, asserts he saw it last night skulking thru the trees at the edge of the lake, and emptied both barrels of his gun at it, but missed. He describes the monster as being fully ten feet tall, with an enormous beak, hooked like an eagle's, huge wings, and possessing two web-toed feet equipped with frightful talons capable of killing a man.
>
> Ranney believes the monster is part fowl and part animal, walking upright on its webbed feet, with its talons extended for prey. He says that when he fired at it the monster plunged into the lake and disappeared.
>
> A number of Springdale people visited Ranney's farm today and saw the monster's footprints. These seem to substantiate Ranney's assertion that the thing is of mammoth proportions.
>
> Everybody is mystified, and nobody can give a satisfactory explanation of what the hideous thing is, or where it came from.
>
> The farmers living near Duck Lake are organizing a hunting party, and intend searching the lake region for the monster's hiding-place. They believe it hides in or near the lake during the day, emerging from its concealment only under cover of darkness.
>
> It first made its appearance several nights ago, when it killed one of Ranney's sheep by slitting its throat. On the following night, despite Ranney's vigilance, another sheep was slain in the same manner. In neither case did the thing attempt to devour the sheep, but apparently was content to suck the animal's blood.
>
> Examination of the dead bodies revealed that their throats were ripped apart in a jagged fashion, as if by huge claws.

The next three clippings, stamped "Sept. 10," were from the other evening papers of that date, and were substantially the same as the Herald story. He found six more stories, clipped from the morning and evening papers of Sept. 11, stating that the Duck County farmers had been unsuccessful in their hunt for the "web-footed monster," but were pursuing the search with unabated zeal.

A dozen or so clippings of subsequent dates conveyed nothing further of importance—merely the information that the farmers were still seeking the "monster," which hadn't been seen since the night of September 9. Shumway, turning now to the latest tidings from Duck County, carefully read the following story in today's Herald:

> SPRINGDALE, Sept. 15.—(Special).—The mysterious web-toed monster which has terrorized the farmers of this district has again appeared, after lurking in its lair for five nights, and today the country around Springdale is buzzing with feverish excitement.
>
> Last night the unknown creature made a raid on the farm of Augustus J. Klappenbach, slashed the throat of one of his prize cows, drained her blood, and escaped.
>
> Mr. Klappenbach found the body of his cow in the pasture this morning, and nearby were the webbed footprints leading to and from Duck Lake. Evidently the gigantic thing had come from the lake, killed the cow with a ripping slash of its mighty talons, and then, after gorging itself with her blood, waddled back to the water.
>
> All trace of it was lost at the water's edge, and the location of its hiding-place remains as obscure as ever.
>
> The Duck County farmers had relaxed their watchfulness, believing the monster had left this region, and last night it caught them napping. With nobody on guard, it roamed at will, seeking its prey.
>
> Mr. Klappenbach was one of the most zealous members of the searching party, recently organized, and has been hunting for the monster every day and watching for it each night; but last night, for the first time, he decided to relax and catch up on his sleep.
>
> He slept soundly, he says, and knew nothing of the monster's visit until this morning, when, going to his cow pasture, he found the dead cow and the webbed footprints of the thing that had killed her.
>
> The happening has revived the farmers' vigilance, and today they are seeking the strange blood-sucking creature, with redoubled determination to trap it. Their hunting party, reorganized, has been augmented by a number of townspeople, armed with rifles, shotguns, and revolvers, and it seems reasonably certain that before the week ends the monster will be caught.
>
> Mr. Klappenbach is one of the wealthiest farmers in this district, and specializes in blooded stock. The cow killed last night was a blue-ribbon Jersey, and had won prizes at the Chicago stock shows. It was valued at more than $1,500.

Newspaper experience had taught Shumway the folly of preconceiving any assignment, but in this instance he could not but feel he was on a wild goose chase. All this mystery about a "web-footed monster" was, he believed, largely the invention of the Springdale corre-



"I Cocked Both Barrels of My Gun and Took Careful Aim at the Critter, and Waited for It to Get Within Range."

spondents. It seemed too fantastic, too preposterous, for serious consideration.

SHUMWAY discerned no immediate cause for revising his opinion when he alighted at the Springdale depot about five o'clock that afternoon.

The usual crowd of idlers were lounging about the station platform, and he approached one of these groups and inquired the way to Judson Ranney's farm.

"D'you come from Chicago, stranger?" asked one of the men, after giving the direction.

"Yes. I've come to have a look at your ferocious water fowl."

"They're all out lookin' for it," said the man. "Jud Ranney and all the rest. You'll find 'em somewhere around Duck Lake. Tom Mulliken will drive you out in his flivver. That's Tom over there near the baggage-room—the tall, skinny feller in shirtsleeves and red galluses. Are you aimin' to join the huntin' party, stranger?"

"Nothing could give me keener pleasure," Shumway assured him. "What do you think of this night-prowling bird?"

The man spat a stream of tobacco juice at a knot-hole in the platform, and answered emphatically:

"Me—I don't want nothin' whatever to do with that critter. Them as wants to can hunt for 'im, but you can count me out. I don't crave no sich excitement."

"Has anybody besides Mr. Ranney actually seen the thing?"

"Nobody else has reely seen it," said a second member of the group, "but 'most everybody hereabouts has seen its footprints. I seen 'em myself, and, believe me, this thing is all Jud Ranney claims, if not more."

"I'll take Jud's word any day," remarked the first spokesman. "I believe all he says about that demon, especially after what happened last night on Gus Klappenbach's farm. Any web-toed bird that can kill a cow——"

The man paused abruptly, and stood staring at the occupants of a maroon touring car which had been stopped at the railroad crossing by a passing freight train. The other loungers also turned and stared at the two persons in the automobile, a high-powered, expensive machine of late design.

Shumway, following their gaze, beheld a comely young woman of nineteen on the front seat of the car beside a broad-shouldered man of forty. The girl was tastefully dressed in cool green and white summery things, a sharp contrast to her companion, who wore a flashy suit of "gambler's checks," a squashy cloth hat with a red and yellow band, and a gaudy necktie and a pink-striped silk shirt.

"Gus ain't worryin' none," remarked one of the idlers in an undertone. "A lot he cares about findin' the critter that killed his cow!"

"He's already found a handsomer critter," laughehd one of the others. "Catch Gus troublin' hisself about cows when he can find a heifer like Louise!"

"Is that Klappenbach?" asked Shumway quickly.

"Sure! And the young lady with him is Miss Louise Pentecost, a clerk in MacDonald's General Store."

As Shumway started promptly toward the automobile, he heard one of the idlers remark:

"She's got a lotta brass, that girl—chasin' round town with a married man! It's a wonder Harold Tyson don't stop it."

Approaching the shining motor car, which faced the railroad crossing at the end of the platform, Shumway observed that Klappenbach's right arm rested on the back of the upholstered seat, his gay hat on the back of his head, and his right hand against the girl's far shoulder; and since he was leaning close to her, talking earnestly in a low voice, she appeared to be held in his embrace. His fleshy left hand, lying idly on the steering wheel, was adorned with three diamond rings.

"Mr. Klappenbach," began Shumway, addressing the man's broad back, "I represent The Chicago Evening Herald——"

Klappenbach, apparently startled by the unexpected sound of a voice behind him, jerked his hand from the girl's shoulder and looked around, surprised. Frowning with annoyance, he sharply interrupted:

"See my foreman, Julius Yondorf. He'll give you what you want. You'll find him on my farm."

With no further word, he guided the big car across the tracks as the caboose of the freight train slowly passed, and left Shumway more amused than angered by the sudden rebuff, staring after him.

The car rolled noiselessly down the main business street and stopped at MacDonald's general store, where the girl alighted. After a minute's chat, she entered the store, and the car moved on.

Shumway, marveling that a farmer should use heliotrope perfume and wear a lavender silk handkerchief in his breast pocket, walked back to Tom Mulliken and engaged his flivver for a trip to the farm of "Jud" Ranney.

Following a half-hour's pleasant journey thru the autumnal-colored countryside, the flivver stopped before a dilapidated frame house at the crest of a magnificent hill.

"Here's Ranney's farm," announced Mulliken.

Shumway, alighting, noticed the hill comanded a superb view of Duck Lake, nestling in the valley below, its limpid water fringed with greenwood.

"Wait for me here," he said to Mulliken, and walked to the rear of the ramshackle house.

A knock at the kitchen door summoned a bedraggled, tired-looking woman of indeterminate age and a flaxon-haired girl of 12 or 13.

"Mr. Ranney ain't home," she replied to his question; and the little girl put in:

"Daddy's lookin' for the big bird what's killin' our sheep."

"You'll prob'ly find 'im down around the lake," the woman went on. "He's with a crowd o' men, huntin' for this here monstrous thing that's got me pretty near skeered to death."

"You haven't seen this monster?"

"No; but I've seen its footmarks. They was made on a wet night, and you can see 'em right now in the sheep pasture as plain as day. If you wanta look at 'em——"

"I've come all the way from Chicago," smiled Shumway, "to look at them."

"What business you in, Mister?"

"I'm a newspaper reporter."

"Oh, yes. Well, if you reely wanta see them footmarks, I guess I can show 'em to you."

She turned back into the kitchen, hung up the dish towel which she held in her hand, took a sunbonnet from a peg on the wall, and conducted him toward the sheep pasture, followed by the tow-headed girl. She told him now that the child was her daughter, her name Elizabeth Jane.

As they emerged from the thicket of gnarled apple trees, which shaded the rear yard, Shumway observed that the farm adjoining Ranney's on the south presented a vivid contrast. The handsome stone dwelling, with its marble facade and wide verandas, the modern stables and gleaming silos, the white graveled driveway, winding down the hillside to the valley road—these betokened the "gentleman farmer."

"Who owns that farm?" he asked, pointing.

"That's Gus Klappenbach's place," she said. "It's the finest farm in this county. In fact, I don't guess you could find a better one nowhere. People come from miles around to see his thorobred stock."

Moving ahead of him in the footpath, which led thru a sloping meadow, she presently added over her shoulder:

"He's been after Jud—that's my husband—to sell out to 'im, but I guess he wouldn't buy now, seein' as how this blood-suckin' critter has got everybody so skeered."

"What particular reason had he for wanting to buy your husband's farm?"

"Well, it's like this: He's got a better house than our'n, but we got a better view o' the lake, and that's what he wanted. He also wanted more water frontage so's he could build a boat harbor next to his private bathing beach. Well, Jud heard what he was aimin' to do, and held out for a stiff figger. They was tryin' to get together on the right figger when this here web-toed critter made its raid on Jud's sheep, and last night it killed one of Mr. Klappenbach's prize Jerseys. You can't blame him for not wantin' to buy after that. Who knows but what there's more of them monsters ridin' in Duck Lake? Well, here we are," she said, and unlatched the wide gate to the sheep pasture. "You'll find one of the footmarks under that tub. Jud put the tub over it so's it wouldn't be disturbed."

Shumway lifted the wooden washtub, turned upside down near the gate, and knelt and carefully examined the marking in the soft ground beneath. It occurred to him that a duck's footprint, seen thru a tremendous magnifying glass, would look like this.

The incredible impression covered a space as large as the tub; and he noted that the three elongated toes, webbed together, were tipped with sharp nails, while the fourth and shorter toe resembled a talon. The depth of the imprint denoted that these toes supported a body of considerable weight. Several feet away he discovered another footprint of like description, and surmised that the distance between the two represented a step taken by the creature.

"What d'you thing about it?" asked Mrs. Ranney.

Shumway shook his head.

"I hardly know. I never before saw anything like it."

"Everybody says the same thing," she complained, a troubled expression on her toil-worn face, a note of anxiety in her voice. "Lot's o' folks been here to see the marks, but nobody knows what made 'em.

Shumway's gaze, as he rose from the tub, chanced to rest on the magnificent home of Augustus Klappenbach; and suddenly he remembered something that had earlier occupied his mind.

"By the way," he asked, "do you suppose Mrs. Klappenbach is at home?"

"She's always home," replied Mrs. Ranney. "She's an invalid—crippled for life and livin' in a wheel-chair. 'Bout a year ago she hurt her spine in a ottermoblie accident, and the doctor says she'll never be able to walk again."

SHUMWAY, recalling what he had seen at the railroad station less than an hour ago, was sharply interested in the news of Mrs. Klappenbach's infirmity, but pursuit of the topic was interrupted by Elizabeth Jane, who, pointing toward the lake, cried out joyously:

"There comes daddy!" She jumped excitedly up and down "yoo-hooing" and waving her arms.

Turning, Shumway saw a group of men and boys, armed with clubs, sticks, shotguns, and rifles, emerging from the trees at the water's edge. A dripping Scotch collie, with its nose to the ground, raced ahead of them up the hill, pausing occasionally to look back and emit a jubilant bark.

The little girl ran toward them, followed by her mother and Shumway. Intercepting the party on the hillside, Shumway addressed himself to a lantern-jawed man whom Mrs. Ranney pointed out as her husband.

"Any further trace of the monster?" he asked, after briefly explaining his presence here.

Ranney lowered the double-barreled shotgun from his bony shoulder, removed his floppy-brimmed straw hat, and wiped the perspiration from his leathery brow. He was a deliberate man, slow of speech. His faded blue eyes expressed patient resignation as he gazed wearily off across the placid bosom of the lake.

"We tracked 'im," he said, as the others gathered around, "to the fur side o' the lake yonder"—pointing with his gnarled hand—"found his footprints in the mud over there, leadin' up out o' the water to a elderberry clump. Been lookin' for 'im all afternoon, but I guess he's too slick for us."

"I understand, Mr. Ranney, that you are the only person who has seen this creature; and I wish you'd tell me exactly what it looked like."

"It was a moonlit night when I seen it," said Ranney, slowly fanning his lank face with the wide-brimmed hat, "and I got a purty good idee of its looks. In all my life I never see anything like it—no, sir, not in a circus nor a zoo, nor nowhere else.

"I was layin' fur it," he went on, "with this here shotgun, and I was hidin' behind that lilac bush over there in the sheep pasture. All of a sudden I seen somepin' movin' down near the lake, and purty soon I made out it was a 'normous bird—fully ten feet high, it was—with four legs.

"It flopped its big wings against its sides—mebbe to shake the water off'n 'em—and then it come waddlin' toward the pasture, straight to the spot where I was waitin' fur it. It was walkin' on its big hind feet, sort o' waddlin' from side to side like a duck, but I guess its front legs was ready for business with them sharp talons.

"I cocked both barrels of my gun, and took careful aim at the critter, and waited fur it to get within range. But I guess it musta scented me. Anyways, it stopped and stood there in the moonlight, as if sniffin' the air, and I seen it had a big curved beak and a tuft of feathers atop its head.

"And then, all of a sudden, it turned and run back to the lake, full tilt—and I knew it had discovered me. I emptied both barrels at it, but it wasn't no use. It was outa range of my shot. I slipped two more shells in my gun and run down to the lake, but it was gone. Musta jumped in and swum away. So fur as I know, nobody's seen it since."

Shumway, who had listened with mingled perplexity and skepticism, now asked:

"Did you find anything else this afternoon beside the footprints?"

"We found a-plenty!" said another farmer in the party. "In them elderberry bushes we found a young pig, with its throat slashed open and its blood sucked out."

"Did you bring the pig back with you?"

"No; we left it in the bushes."

"Couldn't you find any footprints leading from the clump of elder bushes?"

"All we could find," said the farmer, "was them web-toed footprints leadin' up outa the lake to the elderberries and back to the water again."

Shumway turned back to Ranney. "I suppose you'll be looking for the thing again tonight?"

"I'm plumb wore out," said Ranney, his tired eyelids drooping, "what with worryin' and goin' without sleep, but I ain't gonna rest till I kill this varmint. Yes, sir, I'll be layin' for 'im again tonight with this here gun."

"I shall be glad to join you," said Shumway, "with another gun."

Mrs. Ranney, who had been standing beside her husband, watching him with troubled eyes, anxiously laid her hand on his, and as he reached up and patted her shoulder in wan reassurance, his small daughter nestled against him and placed her arm around his waist.

A little later, returning to Tom Mulliken's flivver, Shumway retained in his mind's eye a picture of these three, standing there in the fading light, facing an unknown terror—a picture that seemed to symbolize Fear. And this picture, somehow, touched him more poignantly than anything else he had encountered today.

SHUMWAY was accompanied back to town by an earnest young reporter on The Springdale Courant, one Harry Beeson, who had "covered" the searching party that afternoon. Beeson, who also was the local correspondent of The Herald, was eager to know what his metropolitan colleague made of this mystery, and promptly voiced a query on that point as the flivver scooted down the dirt road.

"Before leaving Chicago," replied Shumway, "I decided that your web-footed 'monster' was a gigantic hoax. I have since discovered no reason for believing otherwise."

"Maybe you will before you've been here much longer."

"If I do I shall be immeasurably delighted."

Following a small pause, Beeson remarked in a puzzled voice:

"There was one thing mighty peculiar about what we found this afternoon. I haven't been able to grasp it yet. How did the monster get that pig into the bushes? I examined all the ground around there, and there wasn't a sign of a footprint except those leading to and from the water. Do you suppose the thing swam the lake with the pig in its bill?"

"The 'thing' wouldn't need to do that," smiled Shumway. "Before long I'll tell you why. Meanwhile—what can you tell me, Beeson, about Louise Pentecost?"

"Why—what d'you want to know about her? So far as I know, she's a decent sort of girl, earning her living at MacDonald's Store. She's an orphan, and lives with her aunt and uncle, the Harold Tysons."

"Ever been engaged?"

"Not that I know of. In fact, I never even heard of her having a beau. She's not bad-looking, either. But what's the idea? What has she to do with this thing?"

"Nothing, perhaps," said Shumway. "I just happened to think of her. Can you fix me up with a typewriter at The Courant office? I've got to file a story tonight."

An hour later he drew a chair to a typewriter in The Courant's editorial room, lit a cigarette, and sat scowling thru the smoke at the sheet of copy paper in the platen. For a matter of several minutes he sat thus, trying to decide on the proper "angle" for his story. Should he ridicule the thing as a "hick town mystery," or should he write a straightforward news story, impartially describing what he had seen and heard?

He thought of some snappy phrases that might be used to advantage in satirizing the "mystery," and he sat forward, framing in his mind the best "lead" for such a story. And then there came between his eyes and the typewriter a fleeting vision of "Jud" Ranney on the sloping hillside, with his wife and daughter, in the pale half-light of the dying day.

He tossed away his cigarette and attacked the typewriter, and wrote steadily for the better part of an hour. The story he wrote, and later filed at the telegraph office across the street, was not facetious.

RETURNING to Ranney's farm, about 9 o'clock that night, he found a group of armed men at the kitchen door of the farmhouse, earnestly discussing tonight's procedure. As he joined this gathering, he noticed the presence of Augustus Klappenbach, and observed anew the deep-chested breadth of the man. He was, as Shumway keenly noted, an uncommonly fine specimen of physical strength.

He seemed to dominate the present gathering. Towering head and shoulders above those around him, an expensive shotgun under his arm, he was outlining to the others his recommendations; and all listened to him attentively.

"The thing for us to do," he was saying, as Shumway drew near, "is to patrol the shores of the lake. We're pretty sure the monster is not hiding inland, but is somewhere in the water. There are enough of us here, I think, to watch the lake, if we station a man every four hundred feet or so. Yondorf and I will take care of my place, and the rest of you can patrol the remainder. What do you say, men?"

"I'll say ye got the right idee," opined one of the farmers, and there was a murmur of general assent.

At this point Shumway was espied by Ranney, who introduced him to the others, beginning with Klappenbach.

"We've met before," said Shumway, as his hand was gripped in the man's powerful fingers.

Klappenbach knitted his bushy brows and bent a closer scrutiny upon the young man by the light from the kitchen doorway.

"I don't seem to recall——" he began, puzzled.

"It was a brief encounter," explained Shumway pleasantly, "at the railroad station this afternoon."

"Oh, yes, I remember now." Klappenbach's broad face clouded, momentarily, with displeasure; and then, with a sudden display of cordiality, he began chatting affably of newspaper work, mentioning "a friend who works on one of the Chicago papers."

Shumway, studying him narrowly, discerned that his amiability was counterfeit and poorly concealed a sturdy dislike. He also observed that while a corduroy suit and leathed cap had supplanted his gay attire of the afternoon, he yet possessed a certain distinction which set him apart from the others.

"Did you see Yondorf this afternoon?" he asked, with a genial smile.

"No. I found I hadn't time. I was sorry, too, because I wanted to take a look at that cow of yours—the one that was killed last night. I wonder if I could see it tomorrow?"

Again the displeased expression flitted across Klappenbach's face, but his voice seemed amicable enough when he answered:

"I'm afraid that's impossible. You see, I sent her body to the tanner's this morning. The best I could do was to save her hide."

"What a pity to lose such a valuable animal! I understand you prized her highly!"

"She was one of my best Jerseys. All I ask now," said Klappenbach grimly, gripping at his polished weapon, "is a chance at the thing that killed her!" He turned around to address the others: "Are you all ready, men? We had better get started."

As the farmers shouldered their firearms and spread out toward the lake, Shumway fell in beside Ranney.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Ranney, I'll go along with you."

"Sure! Mighty glad to have ye. But you ain't got no gun."

'Oh, yes, I have." Shumway uncovered his hip pocket and displayed the butt end of a .45-caliber army revolver, which he had just bought in Springdale. "This will take care of me, I think."

Klappenbash, chatting pleasantly, accompanied them as far as the sheep pasture, and there left them, with a cordial "good night," to cut across fields to his farm.

The two men walked on in silence, each deeply engaged by his thoughts, until the sound of footsteps, padding softly behind them in the darkness, caused Ranney to halt and wheel sharply around.

"Gosh darn that dog!" he exclaimed, as the Scotch collie crept forward and crouched at his feet. "I told 'im to stay home and watch the house. Wait here a minute, Mr. Shumway. I gotta take 'im back."

Seizing the dog by the collar, he dragged him back up the hill and sternly ordered him to return to the house and stay there. The animal obeyed, withal reluctantly.

"'Tain't safe," he said, rejoining Shumway, "to leave the wife and kid alone in the house, with no protection. Too many tramps about. That's the best watchdog you ever see, when he 'tends to business—and I guess he will now. When he's on the job can't nobody harm the wife and kid 'cept over his dead body."

And he went on to describe, with relish, an episode of last winter in which two panhandlers, waxing offensive to Mrs. Ranney, were attacked by the faithful collie and considerably lacerated. Of this narrative, however, Shumway heard little, if anything. His thoughts were elsewhere. Suddenly he broke in on Ranney's easy-going talk with a totally unexpected question:

"Do you happen to be acquainted with the sheriff of this county?"

Ranney, somewhat disconcerted by this singular interruption, gaped in blank surprise before slowly answering:

"Why, sure—Erny Quinn. Lives on Ellum street in Springdale. Sure, I know 'im."

"What sort of man is he?"

"Mighty likely feller."

"Muscular?"

"Howzat?"

"Is Mr. Quinn a strong man?"

"Strong as a mule."

Ranney's unaccustomed brevity denoted he was preparing to ask the reason for this interrogation, but he was vouchsafed no such opportunity. His curiosity was further stimulated when, reaching the edge of the lake, Shumway abruptly asked:

"Have you got a canoe?"

"They's one tied down there," said Ranney, pointing to a crude wooden quay. "But I hope you ain't thinkin' of no boat trip tonight!"

"As a matter of fact, I am. I want to see that dead pig you found today."

"But that's clean across the lake," objected Ranney. "Take us three hours to get there and back. And we gotta stay here, like Gus said. No tellin' what might happen if we leave."

"I'll take care of that." Shumway placed his hands beside his mouth, and, trumpeting Klappenbach's name, moved briskly along the sandy beach toward the adjoining farm.

Klappenbach uttered an answering shout and met him half way, and when Shumway explained he was desirous of visiting the clump of elders, presumably the "monster's" lair, the broad-shouldered "gentleman farmer" readily agreed to patrol both beaches in their absence.

With palpable misgiving, Ranney sat in the prow of the canoe, while Shumway took the remaining seat and paddled the craft in the direction indicated.

"This trip is plumb foolish," muttered Ranney. "Can't see no sense in it a-tall."

To this and other like comments Shumway was serenely oblivious, but when they reached the middle of the lake he laid the paddle across his knees and exclaimed:

"Phew! Hot work. I think I'll give it up."

"D'you want me to row?" asked Ranney, a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"No. I'm going to turn round and go back." With a quick twist of the paddle, Shumway swung the boat toward the nearest bank and propelled it rapidly in that direction.

Thru the treetops at the far side of the lake he saw the moon had risen above the horizon, and in a few minutes, as he knew, her silvery light would be on the water.

"Hey! You ain't goin' the right way!" warned Ranney.

"Yes, I am." Shumway, paddling vigorously, kept straight ahead in his course, apprehensively eyeing the moon over his shoulder. He must, at all costs, avoid the moonpath, which soon would be glistening athwart the lake.

It is conceivable that Ranney was beginning to wonder if Shumway had suddenly lost his mind, but Shumway's mind, at the present moment, was never more keenly alert. He tingled with excitement. He once had experienced a similar thrill when catching a mountain bass, but now he was seeking bigger game, with infinitely more at stake.

Hugging the shore, paddling with noiseless energy, he guided the light canoe back toward the spot from which they had come. Ranney, attempting to speak, was peremptorily hushed and ordered to remain silent.

Within fifty feet of the small quay, Shumway ran the canoe ashore, and, quivering with suppressed excitement, sprang out and hastened along the sandy beach, bending low and searching it eagerly. And then, quite suddenly, he straightened up and beckoned to Ranney, who, utterly bewildered, was following at a more leisurely gait.

"Look!" whispered Shumway, and pointed to the sand, gleaming in the moonlight.

Extending diagonally across the wet sand, which an hour ago had been untouched, were a dozen of the mammoth web-toed footprints.

"My Gawd!" gasped Ranney. "It's been here agin! I told you we hadn't oughta gone away."

"Follow me!" Shumway cut in, and, drawing his revolver, hurried along beside the huge footprints, which led from the lake toward the hill.

As he followed the webbed trail into the thicket of trees, he heard the Scotch collie barking furiously near the farmhouse on the hill—and then, abruptly, the barking ceased.

HIS revolver in readiness, he charged up the hill toward the house, with Ranney panting close behind.

The sloping fields were palely illumined by the moon, and Shumway, as he ran, swept his gaze in all directions. And then he saw something that caused his grip on the revolver to tighten. Almost at the same instant he heard the distant sound of a woman's shrill cry of terror and saw Mrs. Ranney flee screaming from the house.

But he accorded her no notice. His attention was devoted exclusively to the grotesque thing that was hurrying from the barnyard toward the woodlot beyond.

Of tremendous size—it appeared to be fully ten feet tall and of proportionate breadth—it was covered with what seemed in the dim light to be feathers, and, with its great curved beak, it resembled nothing so much as a frightful bird of prey, exaggerated beyond belief. Altho it moved in an awkward fashion, somewhat like the waddle of a duck, Shumway saw it probably would outdistance him, or at least gain the cover of the woodlot, before he could get a good shot; and he was considering his chance of hitting it, even at this distance, when Ranney cried out excitedly:

"There goes the varmint!" and blazed away at it with both barrels of his shotgun.

Taking aim as best he could, Shumway emptied his revolver at the monstrous thing as it fled in its ungainly manner and vanished among the trees. Then, quickly reloading the weapon, he plunged after it up the hill.

He heard Ranney lurching hard behind him, swearing and muttering to himself, and then he heard Mrs. Ranney, running toward them, scream something of which he caughht only the word "Lizzie." When he looked back over his shoulder, he saw both of them hastening toward the house.

Entering the woodlot, he was forced to proceed cautiously, groping his way, because, except for a stray patch of moonlight filtering thru the treetops, the darkness here was impenetrable. He stumbled on thru the underbrush, the revolver at his side, his finger on the trigger, pausing every few feet to listen acutely.

But he heard no sound, saw no living thing, and presently he emerged from the miniature forest into a sweet-scented meadow, bright with moonlight. He swiftly swept his gaze across this field, saw nothing save the clover moving in a gentle breeze, and looked back to the wood from which he had come. A frown of perplexity crossed his brow.

While he stood there, baffled, debating with himself whether to search the clover field or return to the wood, the stillness of the night was harshly broken by two thunderous reports in the direction of Klappenbach's farm, and in anther moment he was running that way.

Skirting the woodlot, he cut across a cornfield back of the barn and thus came to an elevation that commanded a broad view of Klappenbach's acres; and he now beheld, hurrying toward him along a cowpath, the broad-shouldered figure of Klappenbach himself.

KLAPPENBACH, breathing hard, was evidently much perturbed.

"Did you see it?" he paused, as he came face to face with Shumway. "Horrible-looking thing! Big! Going at a two-forty clip. I fired twice."

"Which way was it going?" Shumway interrupted.

"Right past here. Seemed to be coming from Jud's woodlot. Heading for the lake when I shot at it."

"I shot at it, too," said Shumway, again interrupting. "So did Ranney. We all missed, apparently."

"Yes, I heard you two firing. I was at the far end of my beach, and my man, Yondorf, had gone to the stables for a look at the stock. When I heard your shots I came running this way. But we're wasting time, standing here. Let's hustle back to the lake. We may get the thing yet." Excitedly reloading his gun, Klappenbach started briskly off. "Coming?" he called.

"No," said Shumway, and swung on his heel toward the house. "I'm afraid something has happened to Ranney's daughter. He may need me."

Quickening his steps to a run, he was rushing thru the small apple orchard at the rear of the house when his foot struck a heavy object, unseen in the darkness, and he tripped and fell headlong. Picking himself up, he struck a match and discovered the object was Ranney's dog, lying dead in a pool of blood.

Another lighted match disclosed that the animal had bled to death from a

(Continued on Page 20.)

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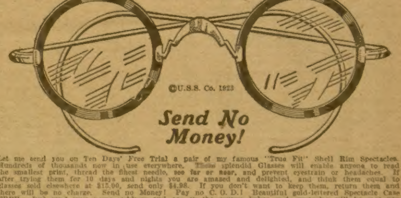

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Toad, the Conjure Woman

By Peggy Poe

JOHN BENNET was likable if it hadn't been for the mantle of doom that enshrouded him as death garments cling to a corpse. His eyes were kind and his brown hair flung back, from a good face; had the face not been overlined. He was tall, but ghostly thin, with long fingers that were nothing but claws. He was just in the golden glow of his high noon, but his sun was setting and he knew it.

He entered the house he had bought and faced his wife. There was no use postponing the telling. She would be glad. It would not be a separation of hearts but of mere man-made ties. She did not raise her eyes when he came in—she was busy with her fat face and rouge-pot. Lida was acting in a local stock company.

"Lida, I am going—there is no use trying to fight this out any longer. I am going to leave you." John dropped into a chair by the table. He had not removed his overcoat.

"I will get a divorce and maintenance." She laughed a little as she looked at the sick man. "That is, if there is any." She went on with the crimson stuff.

"It won't be needful, Lida; I saw the lung specialist today. There is no hope, three months at the longest, I cannot work much more. I received notice today that I am a menace to the crew at the ship. You are as free as the air you breathe. I give you the house—it signifies all that I have after fifteen years of struggle. You have your art, I wish I had more to give you." His white hands tightened over the cloth on the table.

"It's a Godsend that I have my art. Fifteen years ago when I married you after that mad night of the parade, I had all the ships from Spain bringing me in castles, and now look at you—well, at least I won't be bothered or hindered, but you may get well." She deepened the color on her lips now and it seemed to John that it was blood she smeared there. "Well, if that is all, good-by. I will have to hurry." She passed into the bedroom to finish her make-up, humming as she worked, with visions of the play and her absolute freedom. Husbands were a nuisance even if one was not united to them other than by law. Lida had had three—she was sick of them.

John listened to the humming a minute and called her. "Just for old times sake, Lida, don't you want me to kiss you good-by?" Certainly beneath her placid form there was a tiny spark of consideration.

"You are too thin, you make me creep and I must not be molested tonight. I play a very important part—I do not like skeletons. Just let it be a good-by, John. If you get well I'll get the divorce; if you die——well, bon voyage."

Five minutes later John was sitting on a bench in the little park which lay like a saucer with a fanciful rim among the residences. So this was the end. The bitter February wind lashed John more mercifully than his thoughts. Like an echo came the thoughts of his youth, not so many years ago, but now a gossemar past. John sat in silence a few minutes. Oh, for a sip of the honey, a look into that paradise, then the rest would be easier. Like a wounded animal seeking its lair, John Bennet sought to drag back to the place where security and love had been thoughtful. There to rest for a minute and then pass on, for he had nothing to lose.

IT TOOK practically his last cent to buy the ticket, but never had the heart of John Bennet beat as high as it did as he swung from the snowy slush of Kansas City streets and found a seat in the train south bound. Weak as he was the plush softness of the cushions was a caress. He slept only to awaken with a hopeful eye at the passing stations. South, ever south, the train bore him on. Would she be there, after these sixteen years? Would she even be living? Her red lips and topaz eyes! A bit of color blended into the pallor of John's face as he remembered those lips and the thrill of their first kiss as she stood framed in a mass of snowy dogwood bushes.

When the porter with his wide mouth, bellowed the station, John's knees were paralyzed for a minute. He was looking for her, the flaxen haired girl. He saw nothing but the little station at Mooringsport, La., and a few loungers about.

John watched the train slide off into the rim of blue-gray pines. He caught its spiteful whistle as if he was being laughed at. Perhaps he was. Without an article of baggage, he had come to the home port. With three months to live and nothing to live on. He had come seeking a vision, a vision of sixteen years past. A vision which must have faded with the passing of the years as all loveliness fades.

John turned about to face the situation. He found none. The merchant had secured the mail sack and gone back to his bacon and grits. The depot agent had locked the door and returned to his garden. Beyond the little southern village gleamed the mighty body of Caddo Lake. Encircled with its border of cypress and studded with willow wild islands. There came but one thought to John now. The lake would make a quiet resting place. As he came to the end of the station platform, his thoughts were diverted by the moving of a huge dusty-white hat. Its wearer had been dozing beneath the kindly caress of the Southern sun. He looked up and saw John. He stretched his arms, yawned and moved over.

"Howdy, stranger! Looking for some one?"

"No, not in particular. Wasn't feeling very well so I came down South to rest a while." As if suiting himself to the action, John sat down beside the white hat and the man. It was better to talk, when one's limbs found it a task to carry a useless body to its rest.

"Reckon I must be coming down with the ague, been chillin' all day. Sun feels mighty good. Know any one about here?"

"No, I don't believe I do. Have you lived here long?"

"All my life, which is nigh to forty years." The man slouched again beneath the sun. John saw safety in getting the other to talk. He did not want to be questioned, which was possible when the native got his wind again.

But the words in John Bennet's mouth silenced at his teeth. A woman came along the track. She passed them, having only hesitated a second to acknowledge the neighborly bow that the native gave her. Her eyes met John's, questioned for an instant, and hardened as eyes are wont to do when they meet a stranger. The native was silent until the woman had passed and had busied herself in a tangle of freight at the far end of the platform. John Bennet brought two cigars from his pocket and gave one to the native, who became suddenly agile for one chilling. He did not light up, but rather fondled the delicious thing with his tongue. John smoked and then motioned to the woman.

"Powerful woman, that."

"You said it, Stranger. She can show any of the men folks in these parts what muscle is. Bue she's no good, to be bothering about; she is a conjure woman. Folks around here are scared to death of her. She can make spells. Sh!" The native was pointing out nothing in particular on the lake.

The woman was coming past again. She bore a keg of tar on her back and a bale of fishing line under her arm. Even with the weight of the keg, she walked straight and hard. Again her eyes sought John Bennet and turned away with a twitching of the mouth. Like memories that come when a vault is suddenly opened, John looked at her. Her eyes were green, her face like yellowed marble. Her hair, huge mass of it, was like grass that has long lain in the winter's wind. Her garments, faded and ill-fitting, were strained to hold their shape against the fullness of her body. The skirt trailed in a waddle behind her. Her feet were bare. A more unlovely creature had never passed John Bennet's path. Yet he felt as if the woman walked behind a mask. A sullen mask, choking back the beauty of a wonderful soul.

She was out of hearing now. Bennet saw her going down to the lake where a skift was dragged high upon the sand.

"What makes you think she is a Conjure Woman?"

"It's a long story, she ain't always been that away. Once she was the prettiest woman in this neck of the woods. Hair like ripe wheat, eyes kind o' like the sunshine in June. Guess I ought to have known, I was courting her night and day and praying between times. Then there came a strip of a fellow; his pa owned a lot of saw mills about here. He saw her, and she saw him. You know what that means, fire meeting powder. His folks tried to hold on to him for the sake of their money and fine family. Her'n tried to save her for her own happiness. But it wasn't no use.

"But I ain't blaming the man so much, nor her either. He stayed about here till he began to see daylight, then he takes her to the city. Wanted to marry her, but she didn't know anything, but this here wild, outdoor life. She was scared of so many buildings, and fine folks. Like a deer, if you put it on the cross streets of a town. She ran off and come home. He came after her twice, but she wouldn't go back with him. She told him that he found her here and here he would have to live. You can guess, Stranger, how a man who has lived in them high-fluting places is going to get tired of water and willow scenery, even with the woman he loves." The native paused to bite a bite from the cigar. John Bennet was watching the woman with the boat, and he sighed an answer.

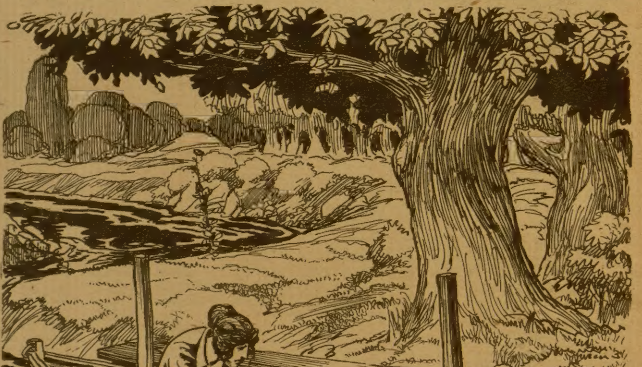
"Strange, how men never know what they want."

"Well, he didn't come back no more. Guess he felt like I did the time I got sick on honey. Folks couldn't keep me off it, till I got enough, then I sure didn't want to hear even a bee hum. This woman waits and waits. Baby comes, pretty little thing, looks like him, black eyes and hair. Toad, that's what her pa called her, tho Victoria was her name. Gets kind of bitter. But she tells my girl, which I was courtin', that he would come back to her, said 'chickens always come home to roost.'"

"That's natural; men are little wiser than birds or beasts."

"Well, that one didn't come home to roost; 'spect he fell into some ones dinner pot long before this. When he don't show up, Toad grows hard; she won't be friendly, tho fellows about here were willing to forgive the past and take her. Lot of us know love ain't bound by laws. Then the baby dies. I found her cutting a board into a nice white grave-marker, and she says as how she is saving part of it for her own grave. The baby was buried on the island where she lives. Then her folks go, leaving her alone. She gets harder, like a turtle, snapping and ugly to bother with. Then folks found out she could conjure them. Pap Ricker was laughing at her one day. She cursed him and his boat sprung a leak. Pap come mighty near drowning. That ain't the only time she conjured folks. Lawsy, man, if she passes your fishing lines, and takes a notion, you ain't going to catch a fish that day. She's bad medicine, man. Wouldn't have her get hold of me for no money. She's waiting to revenge herself on that man. I wouldn't want her to dump her hate on me. Say! She can shoot the eyebrows off a flea, and twist a man's neck to h——l. Well, guess I'll be going. About time my old woman had bacon and cornbread ready. Better come along and have something to eat. Welcome to what we have." The man spat at an ant, shook his huge head covering and got up. John Bennet declined the invitation given with true Southern hospitality. The Conjure Woman was busy with the fish lines. As one fascinated by a horrible picture, John Bennet watched her. He did not even note the direction the native had taken.

SO HE had come all this way to see this! He had turned back the past and found concealed a skeleton without drapery. Bare heinous bones, and hate. He rose to his feet. The woman he had left and the woman he had gained in marriage; they were both vultures; one had sat at his feast and picked him of



"Mine. . . . Mine . . . at Last." She Tucked Him About With the Ends of the Coat, Took Her Place at the Oars and Sent the Light Craft, a Silver Spray in Its Wake, With Birdlike Swiftness.

life, the other had sat at his memory and picked its hopes. John watched a wedge of moving objects against the sky. Ducks going north, seeking new homes. He, too, had sought a day dream, and found a nightmare. Well, the lake, it was rest, peace.

Drunkedly he arose and made his way toward the water, to a small bayou, to the right of where the Conjure Woman was loading her boat.

His steps were broken. The silvered swell of the water turned to a gray mist. The murmur of the waves came to John like thunder. Then he fell.

As a mother gathers a helpless child, the Conjure Woman gathered John Bennet into her arms; she placed him on an old coat in her boat. For a minute she stood looking at the unconscious man. Gloating as a tigress gloats over a prey. A soft foam flaked her lips.

"Mine, mine at last!" She tucked him about with the ends of the coat, took her place at the oars and sent the light craft, a silvery spray in its wake, with birdlike swiftness.

When John Bennet faced earthly things again he was in the boat. But there was a pillow under his head and a patchwork quilt tucked about him.

John didn't know how long he had been in the boat; nor whose boat it was. He raised himself to his elbows and saw that the sun was low. Its last rays were touching up the pink lips of countless muscle shells on the near-by sand. A mud turtle came from the dark waters and crawled slowly toward the boat. Then John recognized the boat. The Conjure Woman's boat. So he had not gained the lake, and fate had thrown him into her hands. The woman scorned, how deep would be her vengeance. He lay down again in the boat. He knew how dreadful was his weakness. He remembered the island now. It was here Victoria had lived with her parents. Here where he had eaten too deeply of the honey.

A hound came ambling along the lake shore and seeing John, broke forth into a blood-chilling bray. John heard the slamming of a door back in the clearing beyond the cypress fringe. He heard her feet on the sand. He watched her coming, and his tongue murmured over and over, "Vulture, Vulture." She pulled the boat higher and went to the side of it.

"You are a good sleeper." Her green eyes were so hard.

Then it came to him that perhaps she did not know him.

"Do you know who I am?"

"Never saw such a pack of bones in my life. Most dead, ain't you?"

She had fenced delicately, but he doubted her. With eyes like that a woman could read every emotion a man conceived without a spoken word.

"I intended to drown myself in the lake. It would have saved funeral expenses and trouble."

"That's too easy a way to side track trouble. Folks has got to pay pretty much what its worth to sin in this world, Stranger, and guess you have got to put up a fight before you slip off so easy. You are too sick to walk. I'll get you a cup of coffee."

She was gone in a minute. John Bennet sank back to the pillow. What did she mean? Was she going to torture him, before she gave him up? The mist from Lake Caddo rolled in on the flower-scented breeze. John felt its chill. The pale green of the cypress trees caressed over him as so many fingers wet with death sweat.

She was at his side now, a steaming cup in his hand and to his lips, but it was black, thick coffee. He could not swallow it as it was. He scooped a handful of water from the lake and diluted it, then he drank it.

"Suspect you be used to cream. I'll have some tomorrow for you."

Without more words, she gathered him up and placed him against her breast. He could feel the strong pulse of her heart and the roundness of her figure. Somehow at the thought of him her eyes were almost topaz now and her lips had softened. She carried him up the path to a clump of rose bushes. There was a board with a single word, "Baby," among the bushes. She put John down facing it.

"There's where my baby is buried Prettiest thing, mister, you ever saw, dark eyes like yours."

"Victoria," he said

"You are mistaken, Stranger, my name's Toad. There was a Victoria about here once, long ago, but she died." Again she took John Bennet into her arms and bore him to her cabin. With her foot she sent the door back and placed him on her bed, a bed clean and soft with its massive tick of feathers

"Now, I am going to make you pay me." She turned to throw some kindling and pine knots on the fire in the open grate. "Pay me the biggest payment a man ever paid."

John felt his pulse slacken, her face grew far away. What vengeance was she planning? Now at her mercy, not a soul knew where he had gone. She could do as she wished. She stood looking at him, her green eyes pale in the leaping light of the burning pine. And even as he looked, half-swooning in fear, not of death, but of torture, John Bennet felt the wild old desire of wanting to kiss her.

"Pay me by proving yourself [illegible] over sickness and getting well." She had breathed the words as a mother might have said them to a sick child.

ALL thru the night she nursed him. Hot applications, hot broth, a sweet wine made from muskadines. Rubbing and massaging. He begged that she go to rest, but she was silent. At last he slept, only conscious before he dreamed that she was rowing away from the island. It must be near the midnight hour. Nor did he know when she returned, she had thrown a pallet on the kitchen floor and there had fought the night out as she fought with her soul and revenge.

The next morning there was cream in John's coffee and milk with corn mush. After the meal, she carried him to a cot in the yard where the sun might shed its rays directly to him. There he watched her at her trade: carrying fish lines and making nets. He tried to talk to her but she would not talk to him. Silent and hard, her lips were tight and John wondered what she was planning.

Every few hours she supplied him with broth and when the sun began to cast a gold manel over the lake at evening she placed him back among the feathers with the cracking pine knots making gay the room.

For two days John Bennet went thru the comforts of perfect nursing attended by the most perfect of all physicians—the sunshine. At evening of the third day, a skiff shot itself upon the shore of the island. A man wearing a star came to the cabin. Toad met him at the cabin door.

"What do you want, Sheriff Tom?" she asked.

"Just come to have a little talk with you, Toad. This man you picked up on the shore the other day. Is he pretty sick?"

"Middling, Sheriff Tom."

"Better let us take him to the city to the hospital."

"No, you can't, Sheriff Tom. He's too sick. Besides, I want to care of him myself."

"'Tain't nice, Toad, for a woman to be alone with a man she ain't any kin to. Folks bound to talk."

"This is as same as a dead man, Sheriff Tom."

"You ain't getting no pay. It's hard work for a lone woman."

"Sheriff Tom, I ain't never had a real good fight in my life, now Old Man Death and I are going to have a h—ll of a row over this man. I am going to get paid, I'm going to take my pay, maybe, in blood. You can't tell, but I am going to get pay. You might be moving along." Sheriff Tom just stepped back out of the door beyond the reach of Toad -"

"It's against the law, Toad "

She reached behind the door and in an instant there was a sharp report. Sheriff Tom picked up his hat and stuck his finger thru the hole in it.

"I am getting plumb off my shooting," Toad informed him. "I saw that pesky owl right tother side of you in the haw tree. Come mighty near hitting you, Sheriff Tom. Good-night. When he dies, I'll call for help. Hope the Missus and children are well." She slammed the door and put the gun back in place. She said not a word until the clang of the boat oars were far away.

"Meddling outfit, got to treat him mean before he'll let you be. Guess I know what I want to do."

John Bennet wondered what she wanted to do. What was she going to do? She wanted to save him, but only for some revenge.

FOR a week, unmolested, she battled for John Bennet, favored by the perfect quiet of the water-locked island with its ever-changing mantel of sweet, clean air and radiant sunshine. Not a minute did this hard-mouthed woman waste; making nets, fishing, at her household duties, she went silently, actively. John Bennet ceased to wonder what the revenge was going to be. He just lay inert in the warmth and dreamed and rested. Then, at the end of the week, Lida came. Toad was making broth in

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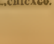

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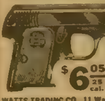

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a kettle in the yard. John rested in a pile of pillows near by.

Sheriff Tom rowed the boat. Lida was his only passenger. Toad saw them coming. Her green eyes seemed to see far more than the lean man and heavy, fat woman. Toad stepped between John Bennet and the advancing two. The sheriff stepped gingerly. He had keen recollections of the hole in his hat and even more than that he feared the power of the conjure woman. He took off his hat with a sweeping bow.

"Miss Toad, this here is Mrs. Bennet. She came to see how her old man might be needing her. I thought you would be glad to have a little help." Toad was silent. Sheriff Tom fidgeted, and continued: "Seeing as I was going up the bayou anyway to look for——"

"Trouble. You had better see to your boat, Sheriff Tom. I want a few words with this woman. You can stop for her in two days."

"There will be room for two in your boat? I am taking my husband back." Lida closed her mouth rather hard, too. The stake was big and she was no fool. Hard women and men she had met them before.

"There will be needed only room for one, Sheriff Tom," Toad thundered at him, and Sheriff Tom ambled away in haste. He was not a party to the discussion as to how many. He was going and going quick. Two women with as bad eyes as these were not to his liking, but he did cast a sorrowful glance at the helpless man behind Toad.

"How did you find me, Lida, and why did you find me?" John asked.

"Finding you was easy enough. I simply trailed your body to the place your heart has been these many years. I am no fool, John. I know I never married your heart"

"Then why, Lida?"

"I have a right, I am your legal wife and heir. I did not think about your insurance. Ten thousand dollars, all paid up. I have a right to care for you and cash in on my right. I saw the doctor; he told me how sure it is. You will have every care a man can have. I'll nurse you. Sentiment is a strong thing, John, but it takes facts to bury a man."

Lida stepped up, ignoring Toad, who stood with dry lips. Lida's fat hands were in the act of touching John Bennet, but they did not. Her body whirled about and stopped against a cypress tree with a mushy compact.

"Don't you dast touch him. You wait and I'll explain things to you in a minute." Toad took John Bennet in her arms and bore him to the feather bed in her cabin. He felt the pulse of her heart as a wild thing. He felt the crush of her arms as he had never felt a woman's arms. As she placed him on the pillows her lips brushed his hair. So near kin are love and hate, merely allusion and disallusion, that the conjure woman had switched back to the truth of her youth. A mere act had done it. Greed, of the other woman, and now she was going to fight like a thing of madness for the man she had loved, hated and loved again.

"John! John!" she whispered, and was out of the cabin, leaving the man to wonder if she had known him the minute their eyes met at the station.

"What do you want?" Toad paused before Lida.

"He's my husband."

"He's my man. There ain't nothing on earth or h—ll, either, that can keep that from being a fact." Toad bit down on the words.

Lida sensed now that she had come into the den of the lioness. Yet she, too, was hard, and money is money.

"I have come to take my husband home. To take care of him until he dies. The doctor says——"

"I can cure him faster and better than the doctor," Toad ventured.

"Cured! He isn't going to be cured. He is going to die," Lida answered.

"But he isn't going to die. I am going to cure him. Then you can have him if he wants to go."

"I don't want him then." Then Lida stopped. Toad's green eyes were confusing her; they were seeing deep, deep. Lida remembered what Sheriff Tom had told her about the power of the Conjure Woman.

"You don't want the man, then; you want his insurance. He is worth more to you dead than alive. Well, he's more to me alive. I am going to keep him."

LIDA was undecided. She had dealt with bad men and women before, crafty people of the world, but always with the woman where the man was concerned the inevitable dollar sign hung in the distance. Now it was not there. Love seemed to have stepped in and pulled the scales down. Lida knew that she cared not a straw for John Bennet, but the ten thousand dollars was worth the task of collecting. John Bennet must not get well. He would not unless this strange, massive creature used some super-woman, influence and brought life back to him.

"You had him once, why didn't you keep him?"

"I was afraid, not of him, but of his world, his people. I wanted him in my own land, and now he has come back to me. I am going to live in happiness once again."

"I'll stay right here, too, until he is able to be moved. I'll see that the law deals with a woman who lives in defiance of decency." Lida thrust hard, but her point had struck steel.

Toad looked at her quietly for a second. Clean and full limbed, like an Amazon she towered over the thick paint-touched face of Lida. Lida, whose years of stage craft had come into play and were now thrown back at her as so much chaff.

"He's my man, as long as he lives, and yourn when he's dead. Remember this; you had better not lay a stick in my way, law or no law. If you do, there won't be a safe place on earth for you. I'll seek you out and crush the life out of you as I would a snake." Even as she spoke, Toad caught the other woman by the neck, turned her face to the tub of suds on a bench, dipping a rag into the water and washed Lida's face, freeing it from its rouge, powder and penciling. "But as long as you stay here you got to have a clean face, and the devil take the rest of you." Toad caught her breath and smiled a broken smile as she continued, "Make yourself to home, I've got to work."

Lida needed no invitation to take the chair where John Bennet had been made comfortable a few minutes before. She could not balance her frightened and outraged self. The chair received her in a lump. Toad did not take notice of her. She took up a maul and began slitting some rails, which she had already sold to a nearby planter. As Lida watched the woman drive the ax into the firm, hard oak, her anger turned to fear, a fear that smote her deep, but hate grew apace with Lida. She intended at that minute to kill John Bennet and lay his murder at the door of the Conjure Woman. Poor Lida, who had never had a bloody thing in her mind, now planned it.

At evening Toad served broth to John Bennet. She hummed a little tune as she waited upon him. Then she invited Lida into the room and served her with grits and fat side pork. Lida turned sick at sight of the fare. She had only hopes of getting thru until Sheriff Tom came, then to go with him to the city, purchase poison, return to the island and carry out her desire.

Toad cleaned up the evening dishes and rested a while by the fire place, mending a net by the aid of the oil lamp.

Lida took off her shoes and turned to the bed where John Bennet lay asleep. She started to lie down, for her limbs were aching and her nerves sick, but Toad was at her side.

"No, you don't, no other woman is going to lay on my bed by my man. I'll fix you a pallet on the floor in the kitchen where I have mine."

Lida knew it was useless to say anything. She went meekly and tried to sleep on the thin quilt. Her limbs burned and cramped and she was forced to seek a chair to sleep in. Toad watched by the fireplace, patching the fish net, until Lada slept.

The next morning Lida was forced to eat of the sour bread and the grits. Then she watched Toad carry John Bennet to the sun-filled clearing and begin her own heavy tasks. Stumbling about the island Lida came to the rose tangle and saw the board with the word Baby burned into it. Then she realized more than ever that her task was going to be hard. There was love and motherhood to battle, and either one alone has far more cunning than hate.

Had Sheriff Tom come the second day Lida might have carried out her threat, but Tom was far afield and had no inclination to face Toad anyway. So a weary week went past and Lida became more engrossed with the idea of getting away than of murdering. She craved the luxury of civilization, of good beds and good food. She suffered sorely from contact with the board floor and lack of food she was accustomed to, altho Toad ate the fare and did manual work on it. Jealousy, she watched Toad prepare chicken for John Bennet and came as near stealing as she ever did, but Toad watched even the food.

By the time the week was up, the torture had lessened Lida's hate until it was nothing at all but a consuming desire to be away. She would have to come back to the island to give the poison, and it might be days before she could get a chance to give it. Not for all the revenge on earth, would she endure even another hour of the island and the Conjure Woman if she could help. Oh, for a bath and a bed and a good sized steak! Then Lida cursed Sheriff Tom.

"Do you want to go home?" Toad asked pointedly, seeing Lida watching anxiously for the sound of a boat. "If you do, I'll take you. Sheriff Tom may not be here for three months."

"Three months!" Lida gasped. "He won't need to come in three months. You can put me in that tangle of rose vines in three months. Take me to the station and I'll say good-by."

"I will, but we have a bargain to make first."

"Sure, it's all on your side, what is it?"

"He's my man as long as he lives and yourn when he's——"

"I don't want him dead or alive," shrieked Lida.

"You don't? All right then, I do. But I don't want his insurance, no matter when he dies. You can have it. We'll stop in town and make an agreement with Colonel Beck, he's a lawyer. John Bennet says he will make a will and will you his life insurance. But you are to get a divorce and mail the legal papers to Colonel Beck. When you do that, Colonel Beck will mail you the copy of the will all made out proper and binding. Then John Bennet will be free and I hope a well man. Are you willing to make a trade?"

"My heaven, yes! Get the boat. Let's be going." Lida went ahead of Toad toward the little bayou where the boat was secured.

"Don't you want to say good-by to him?" asked Toad.

"No! I want to go. Great God, woman, get me on the juicy side of a pork roast quick."

IT WAS a different Lida who walked from the hotel and swung onto the north bound train, than the Lida who had stepped from the Conjure Woman's boat. Well-fed and well-painted, she sank in the Pullman chair with satisfaction. She had left Toad and Colonel Beck with the signed agreement. She didn't want any more of anything south of south Mason and Dixon line.

Toad entered her cabin softly. Her bitter mask was gone. She had now a labor of love for the man. He was resting when she came in, but his eyes opened quickly at her step.

"Vic——" he stammered.

"Yes, I may. I brought her back to life. Victoria wasn't really dead." She dropped by his bed and sobbed.

John Bennet could not keep dry-eyed as she told him about the bargain to Lida.

"But Victoria, maybe I won't get well."

"Don't never say that again, John Bennet. I am going to take you to town and give you part of my blood. The doctor says it will help. I have so much. Oh, John, I am willing to give it all to you, if needs be." A bit of pine knot fell into a mass of coals in the grate and flamed the room in ruby redness. John looked into the upturned face of the Conjure Woman. It was beautiful, beautiful with love.

"Victoria, my mate," he sobbed.

Three months later one could not have helped but admire John Bennet. Warmed with the blood of Victoria, nursed and caressed by her, prayed over and encouraged. Doctored by the wealth of sun and clean air, he lived a new man. Shoulders lifted. Swift fingers at his old task of creating plays, eyes full of hope. Setting the keen edge of the ax into the wood for the fires. Faintly matching Victoria in coming strength and outmatching her in hope.

Victoria, no longer the homely object, gave way to his masterfulness. Her hair in a massive cornet braid about her head. Her fine body in pink and blue dresses of his choosing. His artistic skill changing her into a thing of beauty as her love

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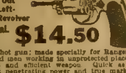

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had changed him into a living man of usefulness.

Then came the long sought thing. Sheriff Tom brought it over. The divorce notice from Lida. Victoria cried when she took it into her hands.

"Wait, Sheriff Tom, I am going back to town with you," John called. Then he turned to Victoria, "I'll be back early in the morning, honey." He kissed her and ran after the sheriff who was untieing the boat. John Bennet told Sheriff Tom of his plans.

"Fine, fine. Say, friend, do you know I used to be as 'fraid of that woman as I was of a snake. Just kind of listened to talk. Today Pap Ricker told me how he had accidently kicked a plug out his boat that time and that Toad had nothing to do with it. All that talk about her being a Conjure Woman was just a darned lie. Lawsy, she is getting plumb pretty. What she did to you, man, ain't nothing to what you did to her. Say, ain't the women folks going to be surprised at this here weddin'?"

Victoria heard the shouting long before she could see the boat coming around the bend of the lake. They were about her. Her neighbors and childhood friends. Women kissing her and crying, and men lugging up countless baskets. Old Pap Ricker tuning up his fiddle. The justice of the peace seeking out the piece he wanted to read from the Bible. In a daze Victoria allowed the women to dress her in the wedding garments John Bennet had bought. When she went forth to meet him, John Bennet sighed to himself:

"I have picked up the golden harp where I laid it down."

How nice she looked. How superwoman. The southern breeze lifted the folds of her pale yellow wedding gown. Topaz were her eyes in the early sunlight. John Bennet caught her to him. As he did so the wind parted the rose tangle and his eyes saw the gray board with its lettering. He crushed her tighter.

"Honey, do you forgive?"

"In heaven there is nothing to forgive—and this is heaven," she sighed.

Angel Face

(Continued From Page 6.)

chunky roan with an intelligent face and a jealous interest in the youngster. I couldn't see anything about the colt to rave over, but Kerby was in his element while Tex grew quite eloquent over the pedigree of the mare and the great value of the colt.

I stood back and watched. I was sure that Miss Harrison would try to impress Kerby with a horse-love demonstration over those animals, but she appeared rather bored and when the colt came up to her she patted its inquisitive nose with a dainty impatience. I noticed that Sam Tucker had slipped away; he certainly had no time for horses.

We went outside where I figured a line-up and got Kerby's entrance and a close-up. Then I called for Tucker; when our heavy did not reply, Kerby walked around the little barn hunting for him.

I was planning a long shot of the buildings on the bank across the creek, and had climbed upon a fence to look, when I heard voices in a hayshed back of the barn. Sam Tucker's lazy bass was followed by Kerby's sharp tones.

"That's all right, Sam, but you were asked not to smoke around these buildings. You don't see any of the other boys slipping round corners to smoke. Just between you and me, Sam, I'll tell you the reason why—it's because they're men—and you're a baby! Aw, what's the use?"

I chuckled and walked back to the camera. Evidently Kerby had found our villain—hiding out to take a smoke.

Twenty minutes later we were back in front of the ranch-house, our day's work done with the exception of a few shots of Sam Tucker in the role of the suave villain riding up to the ranch to work his picture deviltry with the leading lady. It was noon, so we stopped for lunch before taking those final scenes. The horse that Tucker had been riding was led back to a hay rack and we prepared to eat the lunch that we had brought with us.

Kerby found a seat at once in the shade of the corral fence where he could look at Angel Face. I secured one of the extra lunch boxes and invited Miss Harrison to eat with me. She accepted with an absent-minded nod. Again I was sorry for her. Surely there could be no harm for this once in allowing her to lunch with her hero, and to share his attention with the horse. So I fetched a cushion from one of the big cars and we established ourselves beside my star. Apparently Miss Harrison guessed nothing of my kind intentions. Anyway, she made no effort to engage Kerby in conversation. She just curled herself up on the cushion; it seemed almost as if she were in sympathy with Kerby's silent mood. Still, more than once I saw her follow my friend's gaze to Angel Face, standing with his head poked over the fence, glaring venomously at the saddled cowpony tied just out of his reach.

My lunch eaten I leaned back against the fence, drowsing in the warm shade, planning, wondering, pitying——

Slowly upon the fantastic screen of a half-dozing dream, I saw the fade-in entrance of a queenly, imperious figure. Shadowy in the background hovered a host of dress-suited men. With relief I caught the picture's significance—surely no way-up society girl would feel a hurt at failure—but that fashion-plate portrait of Marianne Harrison was dissolving into an overall-garbed hoyden, whose tanned features were hard with a mocking smile, and whose grimy hands were clinched to strike. I shrank away——

It must have been that vividly-startling dream that awakened me, for I had straightened and as throwing a furtive glance at my silent companions, when the first screams came from the grove in front of the ranch-house. Then the siesta-like quiet became a bedlam of wild excited cries.

"Fire! Fire!" And a louder, fog-horn bellow—"Fire!"

The three of us sprang to our feet. Together we whirled toward the clouds of smoke rolling up from the little barn across the creek. Our minds registered the danger to the helpless mare and colt.

Kerby was the first to move. I saw his eyes sweep the line of automobiles and wince as he discarded them. Then, even as his narrowed gaze fell upon the saddled cowpony, he was in action. Crouching, he ran lightly to the animal's side and flipped the reins over the tossing head. The next instant he was in the saddle and the startled horse was tensing himself for the first leap.

Something drew my attention then to Miss Harrison. No longer was her face expressionless, or her athletic body languid. A rich color burned in her cheeks and her red lips parted to breath that came and went in panting gasps. I saw her slit-like eyes follow Kerby as he lifted the cowpony round upon its hind feet. Then she looked down over the bank to where the flames were leaping up the side of the barn. Wondering, dazed, I stared at her. As in my dream I saw the dignified beauty dissolving into—what? I forgot Kerby, the fire, the endangered animals in the barn. I believe I shouted my triumphant elation. For I was witnessing a transformation more dramatic than any I had ever filmed.

The girl came alive with a sharp upward jerk of her head. Her eyes swept the automobiles, paused for an instant upon the gravel bank toward which Kerby was racing, and came back to Angel Face, standing with his head over the fence, his little red eyes upon the girl. Before I could guess her intention she had sprung to the corral gate and jerked it open. Then she was running toward the big black—reaching down—catching the hem of her sport skirt—ripping it up the front. I heard her call some strange jargon, her voice cracking like the reports of an automatic pistol

Angel Face reared, whirled round in the air, and lunged straight at the girl. But she ducked aside—met the great outlaw—buried her white hands in his mane—ran at his side.

I dashed my hand across my blurry eyes. Was I dreaming? Had I really seen that slender form swing high to the bare back of the racing horse? A perfect flying mount! Yes, there she was upon the outlaw's back, white-stockinged legs gripping his ribs, left hand clutching his mane

The great horse rose to a mighty plunge. But I looked in vain for him to rear—to jerk that wild head down—to dash that slight form to death. He was tearing thru the gate—swinging wide toward the gravel bank. Why, it really seemed as if that lightly-swaying figure upon his back were guiding him!

I saw Kerby then at the edge of the bank and I knew what he had planned to do. He was going to ride down over that bank! Trembling, I visioned wild rides that I had seen him make. But that was years ago—and this fifty-foot bank was so steep that a man could not find a footing! Would his old luck hold? Then he had disappeared and Marianne Harrison was passing me.

She sat almost erect, her body twisted sidewise, left hand clutching the mane, feet tight behind the great shoulders She was a part of that magnificent horse—a Remington brave upon his bareback steed. I caught a glimpse of her face as she flashed by. If ever perfect confidence was mirrored upon a human countenance I saw it there. I thought she threw me a mocking laugh. I know I heard her voice, crooning encouragement to the plunging horse.

And then an automobile roared beside me and I threw myself at it. Only when the machine was swinging sharply down the winding grade toward the creek did I see that I was in Miss Harrison's big car and that Tex Gibson was at the wheel.

As we tore down the incline I saw the slipping, sliding, scrambling ride down the gravel bank. My mind leaped back over the years to a horse and rider plunging over some rugged cliff. Again I was watching a lanky Wyoming cowbow risking his life in some daredevil stunt before the camera. Then I came back to the present with a choking gasp. Kerby's horse was down'

I could not see Kerby. I knew that he was somewhere down at the edge of the creek squarely in the path of that stiff-legged demon black, hurtling down over the bowlders. I screamed a warning to the white form on Angel Face, and as if she heard me I saw the graceful leaning of her lithe body. The big horse swung slightly aside.

Society butterfly, indeed! That picture of perfect horsemanship? Only in the rugged school that had trained Kerby Carrigan, could she have learned to ride like that.

Then I saw Kerby spring up beside the struggling pony. His mud-splashed figure swung into the saddle. The pony strained neck and neck with the giant Angel Face.

Even at that distance I saw the riders note each other's presence. The girl's face turned toward Kerby as if in anxious inquiry. I saw the quick reassuring wave of Kerby's hand. Then horses and riders were lost to my sight in splashing water, and drifting smoke, and whipping flames

IT SEEMED like we were racing for hours down the grade toward the bridge. My heart chilled with fear for the brave youngsters. My brain seethed with the mystery of that wild-riding girl. The

(Continued on Page 15.)

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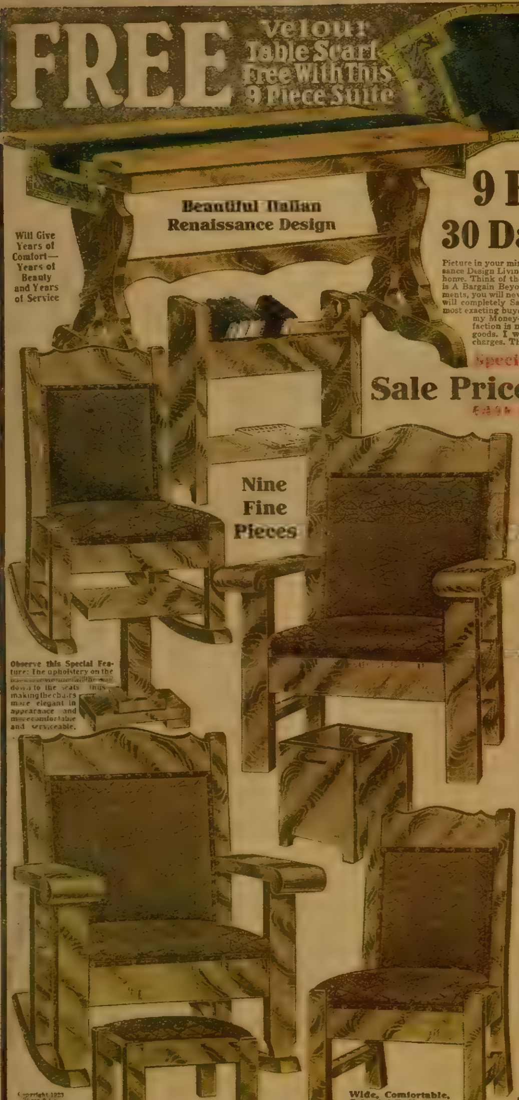
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(Continued From Page 1[illegible])

piercing scream of a horse came from the burning barn.

I felt the big roadster strike the bridge, tear away a corner of the rustic railing, and skid into the road leading back to the barn. I heard again that terrible scream. I saw Angel Face, crazed with fright, come tearing out of the smoke and dash away. Kerby and the girl must have reached the barn!

Tex jammed the brakes hard down and we skidded to a stop that drove me headlong over the door of the car. Then I realized that the whole back of the roadster was alive with white-faced men, who scrambled to the ground and ran into the smoke.

Thru a hole in the smoke clouds I saw the barn—a solid sheet of flame. Stumbling, I ran forward, my heart sinking with despair. The fire-maddened animals would refuse to be led out! Kerby and the girl would surely be caught!

Then there came from out the smoke in front of me a strange party. In the lead was a boyish figure with arms around the neck of the frightened colt. Just behind, the caricature of a human form, led the mare, whose head was muffled in the remains of a silk shirt. Yes, it was Kerby and Miss Harrison. In my relief I could only blink at them as they hurned the rescued animals over to the eager cowpunchers.

They were a terrifying picture! Their white clothes and their faces were plastered with mud. There were smoldering burns upon Kerby's back, and Miss Harrison's black hair was curled from the singeing heat. Kerby's flannel trousers were stringing rags; the girl had lost her low shoes and her bedraggled skirt clung tightly to what had been white silk stockings. I looked to see them drop fainting from the reaction, but they were laughing into each other's faces with a childish understanding.

"I knew I'd seen you before," mumbled Kerby. "Where was it—Cheyenne?"

"Pendleton," laughed the girl, her grimy fingers pawing the hair out of her eyes. "I—I fed you candy."

"Sure." Full recognition came to him. "You're the Texas kid that won the trick riding—of course—but what——?" His puzzled gaze swung to the purple roadster

"Oh—I—I woke up one day with too much money—and the panicky fear that I had been wasting my life. I went in for society, but—but I must 'a' been immune—it never did take right. And now—I'm done!" Her eyes fell upon Tex Gibson, standing upon the car calmly directing the army that was working to save the hay sheds. She giggled. "Didn't think the old girl had it in her, did you, Tex?"

But Tex only chuckled down at her and jerked his attention back to the fire.

Then Sam Tucker strolled up from a studio car that had just come down. Kerby stiffened and limped to meet him.

"Say!" snapped Kerby, and at the tense fury in his tones . I hurried forward. "We'll settle now which one of us pays for that barn!"

But I understood and stepped quickly in between them.

"Never mind, Kerby," I said; "this is my affair." Then I faced Sam Tucker. "So you threw a cigarette butt into that litter back of the barn! Well, I guess there isn't any question about who pays for the barn—is there?"

Tucker tried to say something, but while he spluttered Miss Harrison came up beside me. I felt her firm fingers press my arm.

"There were no horses lost," she said, and I was sure she winked at me. "Let's forget it"

I saw understanding wipe the frown from Kerby's features. But my eyes were drawn to the great black bulk of Angel Face, coming up slowly behind Miss Harrison. In his hesitating advance I thought I read his troubled shame for that panicky desertion, and as I saw his nose go out and snuggle against the girl's neck, I was near to understanding the secret of horse-love. Then Miss Harrison gave a little purring cry, and threw her arms round the horse's neck. Thru a frame of black mane I saw her laughing, mud-spattered face peering out at us

"I'm coming clean," she said to Kerby, but her eyes, full of earnest pleading, were searching my face. "Mr. Carrigan, I used to like you in pictures in the old days when you were a real rider. I've followed you ever since, but I had begun to think that success had ruined you—until I heard that you wanted to buy Angel Face. I had to find out——" There was mischief now in the laughing glance she threw at me. "I had to make sure that you were worthy—to own Angel Face."

Kerby nodded slowly. "Of course—you have ridden Angel Face before—many times. You are the mysterious owner of the M A Ranch."

"Yes." Then she drew herself up very straight with the manner of one determined to confess to the last bitter drop. "Mysterious because I was ashamed of what I thought was a weakness—my homesick longing for this little reminder of the old days on the Texas ranch. Tex thinks I'm crazy—but, shucks! I was a fool—I'm cured. Watch me jump into a pair of overalls and make this old ranch pay its way. M A—that's my ranch; and Mary Ann—that's my name—and if ever I get ashamed of either again I hope somebody'll take me out back of the barn and shoot me."

I wanted to laugh, but somehow my throat was dry and I coughed instead. As my gaze drew away to where the men were guarding the hay sheds, I heard Miss Harrison speaking softly to Kerby.

"You said that you—that you'd rather have Angel Face than anything else in the world. Well, I"—her voice broke in its great earnestness—"I have found you worthy. You may have him—I give him to you."

I looked then at Kerby. His face was flushed and he moved uneasily. His hand went out to touch the doubtful Angel Face. Then he leaned close over the girl and said something so low that I could not hear But I knew what he was saying in his characteristic straightforward frankness.

Kerby Carrigan had found something that he wanted more than he did Angel Face.

* * *

A Breezy Tale.

An old sea captain was reproving his daughter for being out late in an automobile with that "lubber," as he called her beau. "But, father, we were becalmed," she exclaimed. "You see, the wind died down in one of the tires and we had to wait until it sprang up again."

The Girl He Should Have Married

By G. F. Overgaard

MRS. SPRAGUE sat on the wide porch turning the leaves of the family album for her niece, Lulu Beel, who was there on a visit. The album had pictures of Grandmother and Granfather Sprague and of Mr. Sprague when he wore side-burns and a side hair-part, and of Mrs. Sprague, herself, in a basque and a lace bertha.

"And there's Wallie when he was a baby," said Lulu. "Wasn't he funny?" On a few pages, she found Wallace's latest picture.

"They wanted one to put in the paper when he went into this insurance business," explained Mrs. Sprague, "and he ordered a few extras. Looks like him, doesn't it?"

"Sure does," said Lulu, admiringly. "With that head of hair, I guess he doesn't have to get it waved at the hairdressers."

"But he don't like it," said his mother. "He wets it to try to get the curl out."

She turned the page. The face of a young girl smiled out at them. Her eyebrows were arched according to the mode of the moment, and her hair, too, was marcelled, but her eyes were straight-forward and good-natured. It was a face to be fond of.

"Nina Creed," announced Mrs. Sprague. "She's the girl Wallie should have married."

"Is it too late?" asked Lulu. "Is he in love with some one else?"

"No, and ain't likely to be." Mrs. Sprague turned the page with a sigh. "There won't ever be anybody else for Wallie like Nina, I'm afraid."

"Is she married already?" Lulu turned back a page to look again at the girl of her cousin's heart.

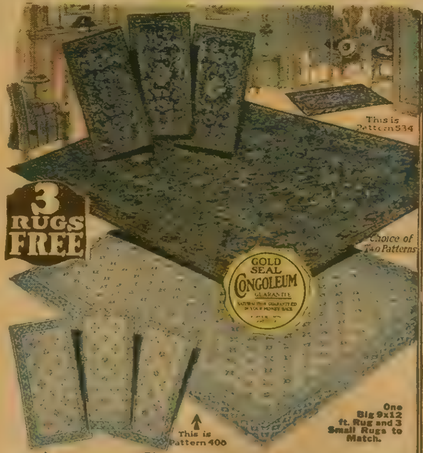
"No. But she's going with the Paynes boy. He's home from Boston, where he goes to school. They say she'll marry him"

"What happened to her and Wallie?" Lulu closed the album.

Old pictures were not as interesting as a real romance.

"Everything seemed to be going all

(Continued on Page 26.)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An Unusual Quest Ends in the Concluding Installment of

Strange Pirate Gold

By Alvah Milton Kerr

PART II.

"WE'D better be getting on toward the island, I reckon," said the Captain to Ranford, "Yes, I think so; something may throw your two porcupines together and cure them, if we go on. Looks as if nothing would be gained by waiting."

Ranford's suggestion that something might throw the feudists together proved prophetic, but the "cure" remained problematic. By 8 o'clock the three propellers of the hydroplane were roaring and the great sky-boat took to the air, making toward the Antilles. But less than an hour passed when she came down and again settled upon the water. The sky was roofed with tumbling masses of slate-colored clouds that by times were laced with veins of fire, and sharp bursts of thunder shook the sea.

There was no sheltering shore within many miles; the wide space of the waters seemed safer than the heavens, where obviously the rivers of wind were running all awry. Ranford elected to remain upon the surface. But there the liquid fields began presently to draw upward in strange pouting heaps like round, twisting hills, and the air turned greenish-brown in tone, as if filled with impalpable rust.

"Looks like an uncommon storm of some sort was going to let loose," said the Captain to Ranford. "Since we can't get behind an island somewhere or into a harbor, it's lucky we are well out in the open, I reckon

"I guess so. It's going to test the Goose, tho, from the looks of things. But we've three real boats under us, you know." To the first pilot he said, "We will use the port and starboard engines only, half speed. Run before the wind when it strikes." Again he turned to Captain Clay. "You notice," he remarked, "that I have built this super-flyer with all the planes set lower than usual, so that when she is on the water she will be less top-heavy in the wind?"

"I noticed it; I think it will ride," said the Captain.

It came out of the northwest, the big air-river, and was cold, a viewless torrent pouring as into a partial vacuum. The Silver Goose tipped and plunged with the onset, but took to her heels before the blast. The real ballast lay low down next to the keel in the main hull, a line of tanks heavy with reserve gasoline. With automatic stabilizers this steadying weight seemed the saving thing.

As it was the big seaplane heaved and creaked and strained, dipping to right and left and swaying forward and back sickeningly. The racing wind seemed following a vast curve, drawn by the power of the cloud-current in the sky. Acute anxiety mirrored itself upon every face. The hills of water rose higher, their white crests falling by times across the deck-plane like flapping wet wings. With wings brought hastily from the main hull members of the crew, themselves blown and tossed about, began lashing all movable objects fast to the leaping craft and wrapping and bracing the parts that seemed in peril of rupture

Out to right and left toward the tips of the lower plane the young feudists were having a highly interesting time. In one moment the right auxiliary boat was all but submerged among the frothing surges, only to rise clear of the flood in the next moment, while a hundred feet away the left pontoon went under, fortunately to flirt upward a breath or two later

Appalled by the prospect and dizzy from the swinging and plunging, David Whitspoon and Adam Buckwood each abandoned his little cabin about the same time and made for the main hull, slipping and sliding and clinging to every available support regardless of appearances. They fairly sprawled into each other's arms as they tumbled down into the main cabin.

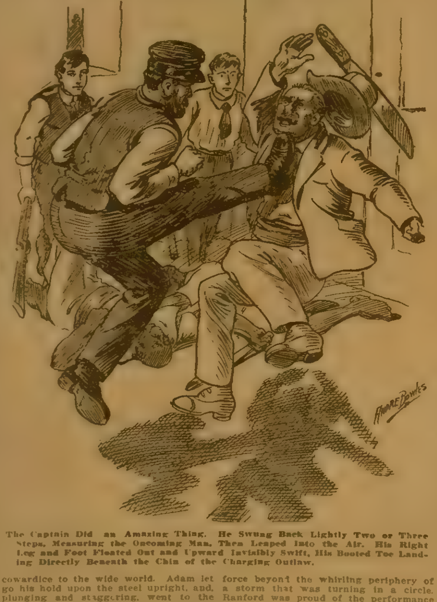
"Welcome, my mountain-lubbers!" grinned the Captain. "In hours of danger all good Americans should stand together. Now is the time to shake hands and be brothers! In thirty minutes you may be in Heaven, or, more likely, the other place!"

The two young haters tore themselves away from each other, glaring and exclaiming their disgust, but at once were again slammed together in a corner by a forward lurch of the boat. Again they extricated themselves angrily from this enforced intimacy and scrambled apart, confused chagrined and emitting verbal flames. At points along the center of the room there were slender upright posts of steel, aiding in supporting the turtle-back roof of the boat. Each clung to one of these, his back turned upon the other as the strange craft rolled and [illegible] Dignity of attitude was [illegible] As the proud representatives of the Whitspoon-Buckwood feud, they were deeply humiliated. But neither of them would yield. How could they, flopping and swinging about, sick at stomach, but trying not to show it, and straining every nerve to maintain a mien of lofty scorn? Members of the crew, rushing to and fro, paid them scant heed, but Captain Clay, being used to storms at sea and vastly interested in his belligerent guests, kept a watchful eye upon them.

In the midst of this there came loud cries from the outside, and the Captain sprang up the steps and thru the door to the main deck-plane. "Henderson, the machinist, is overboard! There he is! Throw him a rope! Throw him a rope!" came shrilling to the ears of the feudists.

Then the Captain's roaring voice: "Cowards, are you afraid? Can't you do anything but hang to the stanchions there? Hand me that rope, you white-livered lubbers!"

He was bellowing at others, but to Adam and David it was as if the father of June and Happy were heralding their cowardice to the wide world. Adam let go his hold upon the steel upright, and, plunging and staggering, went to the Captain's aid. David took his courage between his teeth and quickly followed. He was not going to show himself yellow in the presence of a Buckwood, not he! Ranford and Tom Kyle, the radio operator, hearing the uproar, sprang thru the cabin and up the deck-plane to see what was amiss



The Captain Did an Amazing Thing. He Swung Back Lightly Two or Three Steps, Measuring the Oncoming Man, Then Leaped Into the Air. His Right Leg and Foot Floated Out and Upward Invisibly Swift, His Booted Toe Landing Directly Beneath the Chin of the Charging Outlaw.

WHAT they first saw was Henderson in the water, holding to a rope, thrown by the Captain, and scrambling back toward safety. The next picture was that of the young feudists plunging headlong overboard Close together they had come sliding toward the Captain, and as the stern of the seaplane dipped downward they did not stop, but, clutching each other, went straight onward into the flood. For a little time there was peculiar and vivid excitement

"Now we have got them!" roared the Captain. "They'll have to get acquainted, dang their livers! Ha, you hill babies, kiss and make up, or we will let you drown! That's right, hug each other, spit out the brine, and say you are sorry!"

But two ropes were at once thrown the struggling chaps by Ranford and the others. They quickly and in entire accord laid hold of one of the ropes, the nearest one. For the moment neither of them cared who besides himself had hold of the slippery means of salvation. The all important thing was that it was a means and in the hands of men upon the Silver Goose, who were dragging them out of the smithering billows.

As they came beneath the edge of the deck-plane they were compelled to wait until the buffeted craft rocked sternward; then, helped by the rope and strong hands, they were jerked aboard, a besozzled and gasping pair.

"Now, will you be good?" chuckled the Captain. "Shake hands, my boys, shake hands! If you don't, very likely you will fall in again and the sharks will bite your legs off!"

But the two victims only coughed the salt water out of their lungs and gashed their teeth at each other defiantly. Hatred is as hard to cure as love, sometimes harder. An hour later the Silver Goose swam into moderately quiet water. It seemed much as if the exotic craft had been thrown outward by centrifugal force beyond the whirling periphery of a storm that was turning in a circle. Ranford was proud of the performance of the seaplane, yet profoundly relieved. As the crew began to loosen the rope wrappings and straighten things out, Tom Kyle burst out of the wireless room shouting for Ranford. He ran thru a narrow door into the prow of the master-boat. Both the skipper and Captain Clay were there.

"Just caught Jack Anson on the Glad Hand!" the operator cried. "He says they entered a bay at Pivot Island last night about dusk, and went ashore this morning. But they were attacked and overpowered by pirates, or some sort of ruffians, and taken prisoner, except himself. He escaped and swam out to the boat, and just now started the radio so he could tell us. Then he suddenly quit by saying that the scoundrels had got him, and for us to come to the island quick. I guess he is wounded. I couldn't make out much of what he said just at the last!"

Ranford and Captain Clay looked at each other for a few moments in amazed questioning "Happy and June and Gail!" the Captain whispered fearfully. "And I sent them there! And Rodney and his men had no arms!"

"The island is probably a rum-runner nest, headquarters of South American booze devils who transfer wine and whisky to our shores! The low-down pups!" exclaimed Ranford. "They were surprised and frightened by the Glad Hand, I suppose. No telling what they will do! We will get under way at once."

"And we haven't a single gun or knife or anything! Dang my whalebone skull, and I thought I had a big idea!" raged the Captain, tearing off a piece of tobacco and beginning to chew it furiously. He strode into the main cabin as all the spinning propellers of the seaplane began to sing like angry hornets, and the Silver Goose lifted herself from the long green surges and climbed toward the clouds, her nose set southward. The Captain found the feudists in the cabin, sitting as far removed from each other as possible, each wrapped in a blanket, sop-haired, and with his teeth still chattering.

"The Glad Hand has been captured at the island by rum-devils or pirates, and the girls and folks carried ashore prisoners!" bellowed the Captain. "Now there's got to be some real treasure hunting, I can tell you!"

The young men stood up in their blankets and union suits, their clothes having been hung outside to dry. They looked at the Captain dazedly, then at each other, and for the first time without savagery. Happy and June in the hands of ruffianly devils or pirates? With one accord they strode across the floor in their wet socks and laid hold of their prospective father-in-law. With strong hands Adam whirled the Captain around facing him and began to speak, only to find that David had whirled him the other way and was addressing him loudly. The moment was painfully intense.

"Where are the guns? You must have them locked up somewhere on this—this nut-ship! I demand arms!" yelled David.

"And I demand arms!" shouted Adam, again whirling the Captain around, facing him. "If you have any guns get them out! June has got to be saved!"

"My boys, I told you the truth. We have no weapons of any kind!" groaned the Captain.

"Then we will tear the devils limb from limb with our naked hands!" asserted Adam.

"Yes, limb from limb!" declared David, and together they stamped the floor emphatically with their wet socks.

"And we swear that we will not kill each other until after we have killed the pirates!" solemnly asserted David.

"Not until after we have killed the pirates!" hoarsely agreed Adam, and each stretched a quivering hand toward heaven and again stamped the floor emphatically.

CHAPTER V.

PIVOT ISLAND, seen from the sky, was as a round hassock of green plush gummed to a flat mirror of sapphire glass. Seen near at hand, it was as a broad mountain-top, pushing upward thru crystal-blue waters, and feathery with palms, breadfruit-trees, guavas, banana plants and tropic verdure.

It was in this last fashion that Dan Rodney and his passengers, Happy, June and Aunt Gail, saw it, as the Glad Hand Swung in between North Island and the Pivot at twilight. Frenchfried Fayette, the cook, putting his galley to rights after dinner, looked thru a port and recognized the central island. He had been there with Captain Clay and Mate Rodney upon their memorable visit years before. No one of the other six members of the crew had ever seen the Pivot, save, possibly, at a very great distance.

But both old Dan and Frenchfried still cherished an alluring memory of the gustatory treat enjoyed there upon their former visit, and the kindness of the Mission people and the good-natured blacks. These two, as well as the ladies of the crew, were eager to go ashore and penetrate the enchanted land.

"Looks tropic and mysterious," said Happy, as they stood by the starboard rail.

"Looks like pirates, dark inlets and a long black-bodied boat loaded with Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight, or something!" glowed June.

"And devil-faced men with horse-pistols in their hairy hands, daggers held crosswise between yellow teeth, and reeking of garlic and whisky," laughed Aunt Gail.

"Instead we will probably find two or three fat padres living at the Mission, and a lot of hymn-chanting blacks and breeds, all crazy to press us to their aching bosoms—aching from loneliness and a diet of green trash," remarked Dan. "When we stopped here about ten years ago we blew into a sort of little bay, two or three miles round on the south side of the island. But I remember noticing later a deep inlet somewhere along here."

"There it is!" cried June. "Don't you see that shadowy opening thru the fringe of palms? Isn't it just too piratey now! How I wish Adam were here!"

"And David! Yes, and Daddy, too, for he knows where the treasure is likely to be hidden, of course," babbled Happy.

"Ahem! Of course," grinned Dan, twirling a calloused finger in front of his wrinkled forehead in indication of whirling wheels. Then he turned away to give orders and watch the soundings as the Glad Hand carefully felt her way toward the mouth of the inlet. But the entrance looked too narrow and shadowy for strangers, and he took the boat around to the small bay at the south and anchored for the night.

To the voyagers the island appeared entirely void of human life, but a certain red-faced, watchful person, with but one effective eye, had resentfully remarked the ship's coming while it was yet miles away. At his command, such inhabitants as Pivot Island contained had quickly become one with the umbrageous shades. During the night, however, faces that were pretty neither in color nor contour had peered at the stranger ship from the shore, and a canoe, in the dark hour preceding dawn, had very stealthily gone entirely around the boat, disappearing up the coast.

AT ABOUT 9 o'clock of the morning that followed, Dan Rodney and the ladoes, with all of the crew, save Frenchfried, Lon Carter, second mate, and Jack Anson, went ashore in two of the ship's boats. Striking a trail that led northward along the Mission buildings, they set out in jocund spirits. Happy and June began singing gayly, but at the end of a half-mile the tropic scenery suddenly spouted black, brown and olive men from every quarter, their exceedingly unlovely mouths spilling still more unlovely yells.

Consternation and dismay fell upon the rollicking adventurers. They, too, screamed and cried out, and within the compass of a few moments some very hot and grizzly things were done to the attackers. But the whites were literally inundated by the numbers of the blacks and olives and browns—as some able prophets say will be the final luck of all white men, if they do not cease murdering each other in wars.

A very dispirited, frightened and enraged group of people it was which, disarmed and with tied hands, was finally herded, in front of menacing guns, up the trail to the Mission—an old stone church and stone parish house, surrounded by a number of wooden structures and ramshackle huts.

Old Dan bore a bruised face and painfully lacerated scalp, and the Glad Hand sailors were a badly battered lot, two having minor gunshot wounds. But the women were unhurt, save that their vocal cords were frayed from screaming expletives, their muscles strained from resisting, and their fingernails sore from shredding the skin of black and brown and olive faces.

But, tragically enough, they were solidly captive, and their male protectors equally helpless. There seemed at least a hundred black men and breeds about them, simple, shallow, animal fellows, who had previously been swayed to prayer and mildness by the good padres, but now were swayed to bestiality by liquor, cupidity and the commands of stronger, viler men.

Leading the blacks and breeds were men of lighter cast, olive, russet, nondescript, an evil mixture from many quarters of the hot lands. But there was one white man among them, white congenitally, tho he was as scarlet as a boiled lobster. Clearly he was first in command, a short but enormously broad-shouldered, sinewy, hairy-fisted Teuton, a renegade from Brazil, with one blazing blue eye and a terrible knife-scar where the other eye should have been. He had been incarnate brutality during the melee, yet had bellowed in broken English:

"Take dem alife, the vay I tolt you! Toan't hurt the vomens! I vill hafe dose myself. Ve are in dot business here for money, nod for murter!"

But there were several of the russet-hued gentlemen, and three or four huge blacks, who obviously were far from internal agreement with the bullet-headed dictator, called Scarlet Brazil, especially when they contemplated June, Happy and Aunt Gail. The scarlet-skinned one seemed proceeding toward definite internecine strife.

MEANTIME, down on the Glad Hand there was sudden activity. To the ears of Lon Carter, Jack Anson and Frenchfried had come, rather faintly yet clearly thru the wide silence, the sharp crack of rifles and the heart-gripping noise of murderous yells and frightened shrieks. Hurriedly the three men lowered a yawl and made for the shore Landing, they found the trail and followed it northward hastily, all of them recklessly anxious.

Not five hundred feet from the shore they were ambushed. The one-eyed Brazilian had seen to that. Lon Carter, who was in the lead, hotly hastening, sprawled over a strong vine strung across the path, and the next moment a score of blacks and olives leaped upon them from the tropic tangle.

There followed a couple of very feverous and bloody minutes, then Carter and Frenchfried were down and tied, but Jack Anson, wild with the responsibility of his position, tore himself out of the ruck, and, springing into the thick growth, escaped. An hour later he found his way from the flowery thickets at a point nearly a mile eastward from the anchored ship. Following the shore westward he came to the little bay. There he very earnestly took stock of things.

He could see no one on or about the Glad Hand, but fancied that members of the gentry of this astonishing island must be inside the vessel, or at least watching it from the shore. Beyond the power of words to express he yearned to get his hands on the key of the wireless. Where were Captain Clay, Tom Kyle and Wayne Ranford? Somewhere beyond the far-off turquoise ring that shut down upon the ocean! But within the Glad Hand lay things of magic, things with wide and occult powers of speech. He must somehow come to these magic things.

Casting his eye over the riot of plant growth he found a vine with blossoms nearly as blue as the sea. Several yards of this vine he wound about his head and neck, and, casting off his shoes, slipped into the water. He swam quietly and low in the azure brine, the visible part of him blending with the blue of the flood. He went straight out from the east arm of the bay, then turned to the west and finally came in on the slow swells to the stern of the ship and slipped along its side to the ladder.

As he pantingly climbed upward he glanced toward the shore and saw a boat shooting outward, two blacks at the oars and an olive-jawed outlaw in the stern. A gun cracked and a bullet thudded against the ship below him, but the shot was long and wild, and he stumbled on deck without looking back and ran for the wireless-room.

He came gasping to the instruments and threw in the switches and began to adjust and call. How slowly all things moved, how immeasureably long it took to do anything in this world! Then he was hurriedly telling Tom Kyle on the Silver Goose of their capture, while everything about him seemed to swim in a circle. Then a little quirting whip of fire lapped inward thru the open door and stung him on the shoulder, and he swung forward into velvety darkness.

At about the moment when Carter, Frenchfried and Anson had fallen into Scarlet's well-arranged trap, Aunt Gail, Happy and June were being savagely hustled into a room of the stone house near the church. Clearly it had been a priest's room, but now was Scarlet's apartment. The horrified ladies were quickly locked in by the one-eyed beast hustled into a rom of the stone house himself and left with two armed blacks at the door. The beast vouchsafed them no more information than to say, leeringly, that he would "quick coome pack."

A few minutes later he took bustling command in the old church, where poor Dan and the four battered and raging members of the crew were herded. Carter and Frenchfried, bloody and also raging, but with arms tied behind them, presently were brought in. Dan nodded toward the altar at the other end of the big room, and muttered in his pain:

"Hold it back, lads! I'm no churchman, but that sort of talk don't sound right in here."

"Yell, ve see bout vat ve do," glowered Scarlet Brazil, his one ferocious eye upon them. "Vat you coome hare for, anyhow? You tink you catch us, eh?" Evidently he was going to finish with an oath, but glanced toward the altar and checked his words.

"We came here to find hidden treasure," said Dan.

The beast turned his bloodshot eye quizzically to the piratical-looking brown men and back to Dan. "Vell, ve got it," he grinned, "but I tink you not find it."

"I'm talking about money, and jewelry—old pirate treasure," said Dan.

"An' I speak of treasure vot iss vort' yoost as mooch. You not it get!"

"I don't care what you have or what you do with it," grated Dan. "I want to know why you have attacked us, and how long this outrage is to last?"

"Nefermind, ve see vot ve do. Maype you stay mit us a year or two, until ve get t'rough mit dis business; maype not; mape ve——" He made a hissing noise and drew his thick finger across his red throat and laughed. "You got tam nice boat, maype ve paint her shark color and use her. Maype ve burn her and do so

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How Startling New Discovery Corrects the Trouble—and Relieves Foot Pains Instantly!

MILLIONS of people have the mistaken idea that their sore, burning, aching feet are due only to the pinching of their shoes. Other pains in the legs and thighs are wrongly attributed to rheumatism.

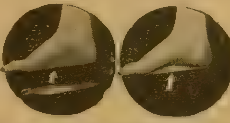
But Science now proves that 99 of every 100 foot pains are caused by a displacement of the **astragalus** bone—a small bone at the top of the foot arches. This bone supports your whole weight. It is held in place by a series of tendons and ligaments. But very often these tendons become weakened. This tiny bone, under the weight of the body, is then forced out of place. The result is fallen arches.

The arches are really the "wagon springs" of your body. They "give" every time your weight falls on the foot, thus absorbing the shocks of walking. But when the astragalus bone gets displaced, the arches instantly lose their springlike resiliency. As a result, when you walk, the whole weight of your body falls solidly on the delicate bones and muscles of your feet, causing all sorts of foot misery. Just as an automobile without springs would soon break down, so it is with your feet. The muscles become twisted out of place, sensitive bones are placed under terribly unnatural strains and delicate nerves are tortured

How New Invention Works

The old way of treating fallen arches made no attempt to bring permanent cure. The arches were merely forced into position by using hard, unyielding braces or props. These were merely "crutches," for when removed, the arch flattened out again. Then, being rigid, they did not absorb the shocks of walking. It was just as if you placed a huge rock between the springs of a wagon. Their worse fault, however, was that instead of **strengthening** the foot muscles that support the arches, these rigid props actually weakened them because they did not exercise the muscles.

But how different is this marvelous new invention! It is made of Russian Sponge Rubber and is in the form of a wonderfully light and springy pad, scientifically formed to the natural arch. It can be slipped into any styled shoe, yet were it not for the wonderful comfort and buoyancy that it brings, you would never be aware of its presence.



Note the Instantaneous Results!

The marvelous new Airflex Arch Supports, which slip into your shoes, are entirely different from anything known or used before. There are no rigid appliances; no special shoes; no braces; no straps; no salves; no powders; no trouble or inconvenience of any kind. Yet the flattened arch is lifted gently back into place, pain is instantly banished—aching bones and muscles are instantly soothed—all swellings and soreness disappear immediately. And every step you take **strengthens and builds up** the torn and twisted ligaments until the foot becomes normal once more! Further use of the supports is then unnecessary.

With a gentle even pressure at all points this resilient rubber at once raises the fallen arch to its natural position, gently working the displaced astragalus bone back into place. This instantly releases the pressure of the sensitive nerves and blood vessels, and takes all strain off the weakened muscles.

Brings Permanent Relief

At the same time, as this light and springy rubber yields to your weight, it reproduces exactly the **natural spring of your arch!** Its constant compression and expansion with every step massages, exercises and strengthens the muscles in a natural way—thus quickly bringing back their old-time vigor and strength.

The beauty of it all is that results are evident **instantly!** The moment you put on these wonderful supports all pain vanishes and walking becomes an actual pleasure.

Even if you are not troubled with your feet, you will find the Airflex Arch Supports of tremendous value. Thousands of housewives, clerks, salesmen and others find that with these supports they can stand or walk all day long without the least bit of fatigue.

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Many people have paid specialists as high as $200 for the benefits that you can now secure from the Airflex Arch Supports for an astonishingly small fraction of this amount

Furthermore, you do not risk one penny in trying them, for if after five days you are not more than delighted with the improvement in your feet, your money will be instantly—and gladly—refunded.

Don't send a cent. Simply fill in the coupon, being sure to give the exact size of your foot as instructed below. Don't hesitate to order by mail, for every day we fit hundreds in this way. When the postman brings you your supports, just pay him the amazingly low price of $1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment.

Slip the supports into your shoes. Walk on them. See if you are not amazed at the wonderful relief and comfort they bring. This special low price is being made for introductory purposes only, and may never be offered again. So mail the coupon today—now—and say Good-bye to foot pains forever.

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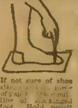

If not sure of shoe size, [illegible] piece of paper trace outline of stockinged foot. Hold pencil upright. Enclose this with coupon.

THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc.
Dept. A559, 43 West 16th St.,
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Name

Address

City and State

Size of Shoe.... Width . Men's ( ) Women's ( )

py you, den you sure let our graft alone!" and again he drew his finger athwart his great throat and grinned maliciously. "Ve togetter speak, ve partners, and see 'bout you. Stay dis room in. If you make loose you get shot." Then trailed by his "partners," he stalked toward the door.

"Look here, you pistol-eyed snake," shouted Carter, "you've heard of the U. S. haven't you?"

"I half, an' to h—l mit it!"

"Well, you'll sing out of the other corner of your mouth when she gets her claws on you!"

"Say, you mixture of turkey-gobbler and skunk, do you know that several of us have been hurt, some badly? Ain't there some one round here that can fix up our wounds?" railed Frenchfried.

The crimson brute turned with his frightful eye on fire. "You vill fixed up get quicker den you like!" and they went out, evil human-birds, half-clad in dirty cotton khaki garments and wearing old cork helmets and floppy Panama hats.

The men looked at one another well-nigh incapable of speech. What was to be done? Had Anson reached the wireless? As they fairly prayed for help, a white-wooled old black man came slowly and unsteadily toward them, apparently from the door of the sacristy. He felt his way along the aisle from seat to seat, as a blind man might, and stopped near the staring men.

"What's this all about, old man?" asked Dan, in a low voice. "What sort of cutthroats are these? Whisky runners?"

"Dey sure is, boss," said the sightless patriarch. "Dey come here 'bout er year back. I done come f'om Georgia er long time ergo, preaching to de cullahed folks ob dese heathen islands. After while I lose my sight an' jine dis religion here. Dem bad devils spiled exerything. Dey banish de padres an' er lót ob de bes' folks ter South Island, down yander, whár dere's no boats an' dey can't get erway.

"Dem imps of Satan make dis island er pint whare licker comes f'om dem lower lan's, an' dey run it inter de United States. Dat's whut some ob de brack boys tell me. Dey spile de cullahed folks here with whisky an' money an' lies, an' make de cullahed men do mos' ob de work or kill um. I been in de vestry dere wrastlin' fo' yo' in prayer like Jacob wid de angel. I done get de answer in dere. I can't see with my ole eyes, but de Lord sometimes makes de bline ter see an' ter hear with dey minds. I done feel he'p comin'! I done hear angel wings fannin' de air an' flyin' dis way! Mm-m-m, don't yo' hear um 'way off like de hum ob swarmin' bees? Lis'en! Dere dey is!" and touching the objects about him tremulously, he went tottering out of the church.

And the Silver Goose, with its angry, eager men, was at that moment humming swiftly along the crystal roads of the sky, pointing toward Pivot Island.

CHAPTER VI.

CONSULTING with Gideon Clay, who knew the island's precise location, Ranford ordered the seaplane to the water nearly twenty miles northwest of the Pivot. From that point the winged craft swung quietly toward the island across the blue fields with every man alert, yet darkly inquiring of his anxious heart how it would all end. They had no arms. There lay the peril. If they could but wait until nighfall! But no man among them would tolerate the thought. Over on that central island American men, and, above all, American women, were obviously in the power of human wolves. Not a moment could be spared.

As for Captain Clay, he trod back and forth ceaselessly between Tom Kyle's room and Ranford's outlook in the prow, chewing angrily, his eyebrows jerking and puckering. David and Adam, clothed but still saltily damp, stared constantly toward the horizontal line. Off to the southeast Happy and June were in dire need of them! Tho the great plane, from its first start to the rescue, had swum thru the air at high speed, at times it had seemed to their straining senses all but standing still in space. Only when they swept past drifting masses of clouds could they get a true conception of the seaplane's rapid flight.

The Silver Goose came in very slowly, and almost noiselessly, to the shore of the island, slightly north of true west, where a wide cloud of palms obscured the land. "We will go in over the higher ground here, and southward to the Mission buildings," said Captain Clay. "As I remember it, there's a long, crooked leg of water cutting into the island from the north somewhere. Their boats, if they have any, must lie in that. By going inland here we will be likely to get a look at the south end of the lagoon. The Mission buildings are on a shady rise of ground about a half-mile south of that, I think. Keep your eyes open, boys, to get some guns. Rush anybody you find."

"That's the stuff!" declared Ranford, picking up a hammer from a tool-box. "There'll be some booze-jammers with dented skulls, if I can get to them!"

"It's windpipes for mine!" said David, his sinewy fingers clutching hungrily.

"And mine," said Adam. The two young men did not speak to each other directly, but, with a sure instinct of cooperation in their common task, drew nearer each other.

"Give me the binoculars, Wayne; I may want to do some spying," said the Captain. Ranford handed the glasses to him. "And some of you other boys bring some ropes. They may come handy," the Captain added. He was the first to leap into the shallow water and make for the shore. David and Adam and Ranford were at his heels. All save Tom Kyle, whose place was by the radio, followed them.

They went upward and into the tropic growth hurriedly, anxiously. All about them was a hot hush, flaring plant-life, monstrous blossoms that seemed to stare like human faces, and an all-encompassing atmosphere of heady perfumes.

First one and another of the men was in the lead. Presently they came to a kind of trail, and a short distance beyond that Captain Clay suddenly hissed softly and held up his hand, and they paused. No signs of life were visible, but from the shadowy tangle in front of them came rustling sounds and the guttural gabble of human tongues. The adventures slipped forward carefully. Glimpses ahead showed them five black men gathering wild bananas, while a leathery Spaniard stood near, leaning upon a grounded rifle and watching the workers.

Captain Clay looked about at his men and again held up his hand, then whistled several times sharply. Work by the black men ceased and the russet-faced guard stepped inquiringly toward the little party in the obscuring greenery. Each of the rescuers shrank behind the nearest shelter of verdure and waited breathlessly. The guard came forward peering about curiously, his gun ready.

He passed by David Whittspoon without discovering him, but a half-dozen feet beyond him suddenly caught sight of Adam Buckwood. Instantly, as Adam started to spring forward to grapple him, the Spaniard swung the rifle to his shoulder to fire. But he was too late. David made one long leap toward him from the rear, aiming a blow as he leaped. It thudded against the back of the man's neck, sending him headlong, the gun's charge entering the ground.

The fallen man whirled over and reeled to his feet, but David met him with another blow that sent him plunging into the arms of Adam, who swung him up and dashed him terribly upon the ground. The two young men glanced at him as he lay unconscious, then looked at each other.

"That was a mighty close shave for me, Mr. Whitspoon. I am sure obliged to you," panted Adam. He picked up the breechloader and extended it toward David. "It's yours; take it."

"No, keep it. Come on; we must hurry; no telling what's happening to the girls," and he turned to face the five black men, who had followed the guard, machetes in hand.

But Captain Clay stepped straight over the fallen Spaniard and met the astonished blacks. He was covering them with the most frightful looking gun that they had ever seen. It was the field-glasses reversed in his hand, black and glistening, which he presented at their heads

"Drop the knives, or I'll blow your basswood heads to splinters!" roared the Captain. The blacks promptly dropped the knives. "Tie these boobs and the Spaniard, and gag them so they'll keep quiet, then follow us quick as you can," he commanded, and he and the two eager young men pressed onward. The Captain's brows were twisting and knotting and he was chewing hard. Once he glanced keenly at David and Adam, a strong glow in his eyes. "You boys are doing danged fine," he commanded. "You—it looks like we might get the treasure!"

FIVE hundred yards further on they came to a sharp little hill, a natural mound of earth, up which they scrambled to reconnoiter. From this vantage point they overlooked a considerable area, but, owing to the rank growth, not clearly. Adam scrambled up a palm and gazed abroad. Below them in the immediate foreground he caught gleaming glimpses thru the foliage of the inlet that cut in toward the heart of the island from the north.

"Looks like a mighty big creek, or something, down there," he called in a low voice to the Captain and David. "And away over along the east side of the island there seem to be huts and little fields and gardens, or something like that."

"That's where a lot of the blacks and half-breeds live, and there's a lot more on North Island and South Island, who used to come here to church, I was told," replied the Captain. "Can you see the Mission buildings?"

"Over to the right, a mile or so away, I see some roofs among the palm trees."

"That's the Mission. God, if only Gail and the girls are there unharmed!" Captain's exclamation was in the truest sense a prayer

Adam slipped to the ground and they pushed their way downward until they emerged on the merge of the inlet. As they paused there they indistinctly heard Ranford and the others following them. The Captain and David each picket up a machete, thrown down by the frightened banana gatherers. The Captain looked at the long knife in his hand without relish.

"I hope we won't have to use these things," he said. "I'd hate to strike a human being with a thing like that."

"I hope not, too," agreed David. "A rifle or a pistol for me. A knife disgusts me. There's something horrible about one of these things. Unless we're in a mighty tight pinch I'm going to use my fists."

"Good!" said Adam. "But we will

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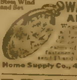

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watch out for another gun or two."

"You boys are Anglo-Saxon, that's plain. We won't wait for Ranford. Come on," urged the Captain restlessly, and they began skirting the inlet southward.

Stooping as they went forward, for some distance they hugged the rank undergrowth that fringed the inlet. Snakes that were strange to them in marking and color slid out of their way, and waterfowl such as they had never seen before took noisy flight. The warm air hummed droningly with the wings of insects. Silently rounding a bend of the lagoon, they stopped literally in their tracks. Not three hundred feet away lay two long blue-gray submarines, one at a crude little platform that extended out from the shore, the other beyond at a much larger platform, where boats of greater size might dock. Upon this dock were several cases of liquor, apparently but recently unloaded, and back of it stood a rude warehouse.

As the Captain and his two young aids stared, for the moment in doubt as to what course to pursue, there came from the south, in the direction of the Mission, sounds of gun-fire interspersed with raucous yells and shrill screaming. For a few moments they ceased breathing and stood listening. Then with one accord they started forward at double-quick.

They had not gone twenty feet when there burst from the wide doorway of the little storehouse three men, two olive and one black, who without having seen the approaching Americans, tore away on a wild run along a road that led toward the Mission. Clearly they were spurred by anxiety to be in the fight, or whatever was occurring, at the central building.

With wild haste the Americans ran forward. Their purpose was not to pause at the submarine dock, but as they crossed the little landing platform, at the outer edge of which the first submersible lay, a black-haired man in soiled khaki and with face like burnt leather, stepped up out of the open hatch of the undersea boat and glanced sharply around. The moment his eyes fell upon the Americans he whipped a heavy revolver from his hip and fired. David Whitspoon was nearest him, and a small round hole opened thru his shirt under the left arm-pit. The big youth swayed sidewise as if struck a blow, but straightened himself and leaped headlong at the outlaw.

The man swung the revolver up again and covered David as he came. Another instant and the Whitspoon end of the feud would have ceased, so far as David was concerned, but a bullet from the rifle in Adam's hands cut the outlaw directly thru the neck. The man's olive-brown face flashed a dirty gray as he spun around from the impact of the lead, then the pistol clattered to the iron deck and he plunged overboard and sank.

David's face, too, was grayish as he picked up the gun and looked at Adam. A strange light was in his eyes. He flung the machete into the water and stepped toward Adam, the revolver in his hand. "Looks like we might trust each other, don't it?" he said. "Come on, let's find the girls!"

The Captain was racing along the road in the direction of the Mission; fleetfootedly the young mountaineers took after him, Ranford following.

Over at the Mission a wild hour was in the making. The one-eyed leader, with his four olive-brown and three chief black partners in crime, were mixing things very redly. Possession of Happy, June and Aunt Gail was the passionately disputed question. The outlaws had gone into council, heatedly debating whether or not to make an end of the men imprisoned in the church and of Jack Anson, lying bound in the hold of the Glad Hand, or to banish them to South Island.

They had not been able to agree on that question. Scarlet Brazil was for it, but so large a crime shook the courage of the others: it might involve them disastrously with the United States Government, ending their operations before each had acquired the nice bunch of money he had visioned. These doubters held for the imprisonment of the men, for the time being, and, to erase evidence, the burning of the Glad Hand after the removal of its supplies and valuables. Scarlet denounced these moderates as equivalent to toad-gorged snakes and other inactive creatures, but it was discussion of the disposal of the ladies that really started the fight

The one-eyed dictator's final decision very tersely stated his personal control of the destiny of the American women. This declaration was made upon the porch of the old parish house, where the council was being held.

Immediately there was high-keyed havoc. Very direct and cruel blows were struck, breaking bones in their fierce impacts. Crimson drops quickly spattered the floor and house-wall, grunting gasps, oaths and animal growls interspersed the noise of porch breaking and the scuffle of heavy feet. Scarlet Brazil, being hard pressed, yelled to two of the giant blacks to aid him and they should at once share the spoils with him

Then the fight went thru the open door from the porch into the living-room, crashing to and fro tumultuously. In a room entered from the larger one, in which the fight was raging, Happy and June and Aunt Gail were locked. Here they had supplemented the lock by piling furniture against the door. They had made no special outcry until the warring men came into the outer room, and heavy bodies began to thud against the partition and door; then the two younger women began to shriek. Aunt Gail, with a leg wrenched from a wooden table in her hands, stood near the quivering door, very white, very intense, yet speaking quieting things to the girls.

IT WAS at this stage of the conflict that Gideon Clay and Adam and David, followed by Ranford and his men, came fighting their way across the mission grounds thru a crowd of blacks, breeds and olives. Also, it was close upon this vital moment when the blind negro preacher fumbled his way into the church, whispering and mumbling prayerful things as he came. In his shaking hand was a [illegible]. "Help hab come, jus' as de Lord tole me! De fightin' angels done arrive an' am busy!" he said, as he severed the cords on Dan Rodney's wrists and ankles He put the knife in Dan's cramping hands. "Yo' ken loosen de bonds ob yo' brethren, while I pray," he added solemnly, and tottered onward to the altar, prostrating himself upon its steps.

Very determining things happened directly, for it was almost with these moments that Gideon Clay set heavy foot upon the ensanguined steps of the parish house. Within the house were sounds that set his blood wildly aflame, the brutal noise of brutal men in combat, and the wild screaming of his imperiled daughters. Adam Buckwood and David Whitspoon were following closely. The three were marked with hurts and splotched with red. They went directly into the living-room of the house. It was a wrecked and crimsoned place. All of the leather-skinned brutes were down, save one, and the two giant blacks were laboriously putting this last one to sleep near the south end of the room. Scarlet Brazil was breaking down the door leading into the room where the white women were.

This was the scene that met the eyes of the Americans when they burst into the place. As the last leather-skin fell, the two blacks turned lustfully to aid Scarlet in forcing the barricaded door to the room of the women.

What they saw stopped them. There were white men's faces before them, faces that held eyes whose angry light stabbed thru them. They recoiled with the shock, but at once realizing the peril to their designs, threw themselves forward, a knife in the clutch of one, a chair swung high in the hands of the other

David and Adam met them squarely. The black with the machete went down literally brained by a blow from the clubbed breechloader, which Adam was carrying. David, who had nothing in his hands, plunged headlong against the feet of the oncoming black, who went over him, sprawling half-way across the room. The nimble mountaineer was up first, and as the black man started to get to his feet the youth crushed him into unconsciousness with the chair that had been intended for himself

The two panting feudists turned toward Captain Clay and Scarlet. To their last hour of life they will remember what they saw. Captain Clay was standing

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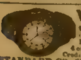

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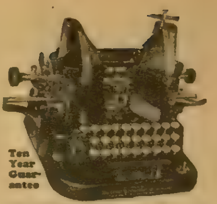

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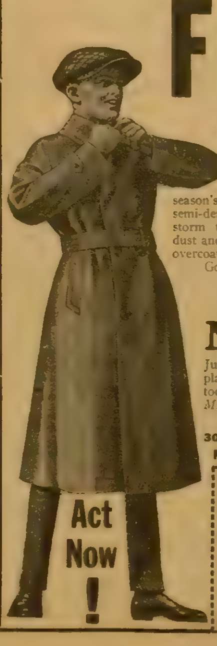

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erect and still, four or five feet from the spurious Brazilian, his eyes blazing upon the man from under his twitching brows and tumbled gray hair. The red dictator was turning toward him, a bloody, stubby, terrible shape, his eyes ferocious with rage and lust.

He, too, recoiled an instant at sight of the towering American. "What are you trying to do?" asked the Captain. The words were plain and clear, but in some inexplicable way not like human words at all. Somehow, they were as hissing whips that cut the red beast across the face.

The outlaw glared at the Captain just a moment, then snatched up a machete that lay near his feet and lunged toward him. The Captain did an amazing thing. He swung back lightly two or three steps, measuring the oncoming man, then leaped into the air. His right leg and foot flashed out and upward invisibly swift, his booted toe landing directly beneath the chin of the charging outlaw.

The blow was delivered with astounding power. The man's ugly head seemed to jump backward as his heavy body was swinging forward. His neck cracked sharply. The sound of its breaking surely might have been heard beyond the confines of the room. The tough hulk of flesh that had been Scarlet Brazil rocked sideways and around in a quivering half-circle before it struck the baseboard of the wall and lay utterly still.

Adam and David stood awe-struck and breathing hard. A hush fell upon the room, and Captain Clay knocked tremblingly upon the door. "Don't be afraid, girls! Things are all right," he said, with attempted cheerfulness, but his voice shook huskily.

There was a moment of silence, then joyous cries shrilled back to him and the obstructions were feverishly dragged away from the door. The three men stepped into the room and the Captain closed the door after them.

"Things are a bit mussed up out there," he remarked in explanation. "Better not go out until after we fellows have got thru cleaning house." Then three exceedingly anxious females were in the arms of three exceedingly anxious males, and there were tears that were somehow joyous laughter.

AS THE sun fell into the resplendent sea with that day's end, a bearable degree of order and sanity had come upon the island. Brave Jack Anson had been brought from the hold of the Glad Hand, wounded but promising to be himself in a week or two; the good padres, and others of the faithful, had been brought to the Mission from South Island, and the dispersed and panic-stricken blacks had been gathered and promised peace, if they elected to keep the peace, which they did.

As evidence of this, several of them were now grinningly spreading savory dishes upon a long table under the palms in front of the Mission, and Frenchfried Fayette and Napoleon Jones, commanded by the Captain and instructed by the beaming padres, were perspiringly busy in the kitchen of the parish house.

At this juncture word came that the submarines were escaping out of the lagoon. Quite all of the adventurers, led by the Captain and followed by many of the natives, ran in that direction.

It was true. A number of the outlaws, who had deserted the fight and secreted themselves in the tropic growth, had loaded the undersea boats with the contents of the crude warehouse and were putting out to sea. Captain Clay, with David and Adam, took a few shots at them, but the distance was too great. The submarines slowly were swallowed up by the distant graying waters. The adventurers turned back. David glanced over his shoulder toward the point where the submarines had disappeared.

"There goes some of the treasure!" he sighed.

"Too bad!" muttered the Captain sadly, but if his grief was for the lost liquor or because some of the outlaws had gone uncaptured, was not entirely clear.

Adam looked into the rude warehouse. "The whelps never left a drop, nothing but a tantalizing smell, that's all!" There was a tearful sag in his voice.

"Never mind; the Constitution of the U. S. A. is our Constitution, at home or abroad, you know," said the Captain.

"Just the same, if I'd known they were going to treat us like this—well, fewer of them would have escaped unkilled!" asserted David.

"How were they to know that we were from Georgia?" laughed the Captain

June and Happy joined them at this moment. Each young mountaineer slipped a solicitous arm about his betrothed.

"Well, daddy," said June glowingly, "now that we've put most of the hootch-bums on the blink, let's go and look for the treasure before it gets dark."

"Yes," cried Adam and David, with smiling interest, "let's go and find the treasure!"

A broad smile wreathed the Captain's countenance. "My boys, each of you has an arm around the treasure right now!" he said. "Happy and June are the riches I brought you here to find. You have sought the treasure bravely and manfully, and I give it into your keeping. I am pretty sure, my sons, that you now would actually fight for one another instead of killing each other. That's what comes of really knowing our supposed enemies. Usually they are about as good as we are."

With the next breath the arms of the Captain's daughters were about him. "Why, you dear old daddy, how perfectly awful wise and wonderful you are!" cried Happy.

"You lovely old thing!" chanted June. "Wise? Why, you've got King Solomon choked to a whisper! You are certainly all at home! Kiss me!"

The young feudists looked at each other blushingly for a few moments, then their right hands leaped out and clasped together. "Congratulations, Ad!" said David, unsteadily.

"Congratulations, Dave! No more feuds in mine!"

"And never again for me!"

"Danged if my big idea didn't work out all right, after all!" laughed the Captain. "Love may be blind, but hate is generally a blame sight blinder! Come on. Napoleon and Frenchfried must have dinner ready."

"Wait a minute, daddy," said June, and she and Happy whispered mysteriously with David and Adam for a few moments. The big youths looked perplexed thru the first moment or two, then their faces grew fairly radiant as they nodded emphatic consent. Happy and June next whispered mysteriously with their father.

"Sure, sure!" smiled the Captain. "These find old priests couldn't do a better thing!"

And upon the following morning, before the Glad Hand sailed and the Silver Goose took flight, the happy padres officiated at a double wedding in the little island church.

THE END.

Shumway Stalks a Monster

(Continued From Page 9)

gash in its throat, and when he dragged the body to the kitchen doorway, from which issued a stream of yellow light, he found this wound uncommonly ugly, deep and jagged, while the dog's head and body had been hacked as if by mighty talons.

A sharp commotion in the house caused him to abandon his post-mortem examination and hurry thru the open doorway to the kitchen, where he found Ranney telephoning frantically for a doctor. From an adjoining room came sounds of wild lamentation, and, looking therein, he discovered Mrs. Ranney weeping hysterically as she applied first-aid treatment to the bleeding face of her daughter, who lay supine in bed.

Gradually, from the confusion of fright and grief, Shumway managed to piece together the details of what had happened here. Mrs. Ranney, it seemed, had been awakened by the collie, and a few minutes after the dog ceased barking she had heard Elizabeth scream. Running to the child's bedroom, she had seen a terrifying creature—which she promptly knew was the "web-footed monster"—bending over her daughter's bed. When she screamed the thing had leaped from an open window and vanished in the night.

Shumway endeavored to obtain from the child a coherent account of her adventure, but she was still semi-hysterical and could only sob wildly of "a big bear, with feathers all over it, scratching my face." This vague description, tho it furnished nothing of value, curiously reminded hi mthat when he saw the thing a while ago he had somehow thought of a mammoth bear plodding along on its hind legs.

Nor was the strength of the simile decreased when Dr. Frank Voightman, a country physician, arriving a little later, treated the lacerations on the child's face and announced in utter bewilderment:

"In all my thirty years' experience, I never saw anything like those marks. I can't understand what made them—unless it was an animal with claws like a bear. The cuts aren't particularly dangerous—they didn't go deep enough for that—but whatever scratched that little girl's cheeks must have had strength enough to have torn her head from her shoulders."

The house was now filling with the other members of the searching party, attracted by the firing on the hill, and the babble of tongues was augmented by the arrival of Klappenbach, whose voice could be heard above the din, describing how he had fired at the "monster" and followed it to the lake, there to lose all trace of it.

In the midst of the confused talk Shumway slipped away, unnoticed, and started back to Springdale to write a substitute story for the one he had filed earlier. He had much to occupy his thoughts.

Outwitted in his first attempt to catch the "monster" that was spreading terror thruout this peaceful countryside, he, trudging along the moonlit road, evolved a more ingenious plan.

THE initial step of Shumway's plan was taken on the following morning when, after breakfasting in the village hotel, he lit a cigar and sauntered down Main street, and entered MacDonald's general store.

Louise Pentecost, dusting some bolts of calico, looked up brightly as he entered and came forward smilingly. Returning the smile with interest, he paused at a showcase filled with candy.

"Good morning, little sunshine;" he familiarly greeted her. "How about a box of chocolates?"

She rejoined in like spirit, while displaying her wares, and without difficulty he engaged her in light flirtation. He required an unusually long time to select the chocolates, explaining that his "lady friend" was "terribly particular," and while they bantered quip and jest he shrewdly studied her, and perceived she was the type of small-town girl who likes to "show off"—a light-headed girl, greedily craving admiration.

Leaving the store, he strolled again thru the street, and three blocks away he bestowed the candy on a barefooted boy, who directed him to the home of Sheriff Quinn.

Wandering leisurely beneath the trees of Elm street, drawing enjoyably on his cigar after the manner of one with unlimited time, he came to a pause at the picket fence in front of Quinn's house and observed the sheriff mowing his lawn.

"Good morning, neighbor. Hot day for that work."

Sheriff Quinn mopped his perspiring brow. From the waist up he wore only an athletic undershirt, and as he lifted his hand Shumway remarked the bulging muscles of his arms and shoulders.

"Yup; pretty warm. Stranger in town?"

"Yes. Ran down from Chicago for a day or two. Smoke?" Shumway offered one of his mellow cigars.

He stood chatting with the sheriff for several minutes longer, keenly noting his mighty physique, and then strolled on thru the genial morning. At the next corner he crossed over to a parallel street and started back in the direction from which he had come.

Walking briskly now, he went straight to the railroad station and bought a

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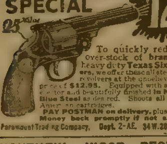

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first-class ticket to Chicago. The station agent told him the next train for Chicago would leave at 1:30 p. m. It was now only 9, and he again engaged Tom Mulliken's flivver for a trip to Ranney's farm.

As he drove out thru the country, basking in the morning sunshine, he visualized the scene that he expected to find at his journey's end; but he was totally unprepared for what he really found. The first thing he noticed, as he entered the farmyard, was the absence of any sign of excitement, and as he walked around the side of the house he was amazed to find the place deserted

Repeated banging on the doors eliciting no response, he peered thru the curtainless windows and saw that the house was quite abandoned. And near the kitchen doorway he found the dead collie, still lying in the spot where he had dragged it last night. The deathlike stillness overhanging the farm seemed to intensify the mystery here

' Increasingly puzzled, he walked slowly down the sloping yard, beneath the gnarled apple trees, looking in vain for some sign of life—and then, as he reached the clearing where he could see the adjoining farm, the mystery seemed partially solved, altho his perplexity only increased.

On the white graveled driveway which led to the home of Klappenbach he saw a dozen or more automobiles, and on the wide verandas of the stone house and on the well-kept lawns surrounding it he discerned groups of men moving about in evident excitement.

Shielding his eyes from the sun, he surveyed this scene for a minute or two, and then hurried back to Mulliken.

"Drive to Klappenbach's farm," he said, springing into the car, "and make it snappy!"

TEN minutes later Mulliken's flivver buzzed into Klappenbach's estate; and Shumway leaped out and hastened toward a group of men conversing near by.

"What's happened here?" he demanded.

They turned and stared at him in suspicious silence. Then one of the men, whom he identified as a member of last night's searching party, answered quietly

"Gus Klappenbach's wife has been killed!"

"When?"

"Early this mornin'—just before daylight, so Gus says. He'll tell you all about it."

Shumway motioned to several men, crawling across the side lawn and examining the close-clipped grass.

"What are those men looking for?"

"They're inspectin' the footprints and trail o' blood left by the monster that killed Mrs. Klappenbach. Gus found the critter in his wife's bedroom, clawin' at her throat, and shot at it as it jumped out the window. He hit it, too, for there's feathers and blood all over the ground, and a trail o' blood leadin' clean to the lake. We're goin' down there now to look around. If you wanta come 'long——"

"Not now, thanks. Which is the window of Mrs. Klappenbach's room?"

The man pointed to a lower-floor casement at the side of the house.

"That's it."

Shumway walked to the spot, and on the grass beneath the leaded casement, which was closed, he discovered several irregular splotches of blood and a scattering of white feathers. He noticed further bloodstains on the window sill and others leading across the lawn toward the lake

With a quick, sweeping glance around him, to make sure he was unobserved, he deftly pocketed some of the feathers; and then, working swiftly and quietly, he uprooted a tuft of blood-soaked grass and wrapped it in his handkerchief.

As he rose, an automobile stopped importantly at the front veranda and unloaded Sheriff Quinn and a thickset man whom he later found was the county coroner.

He followed them into the house, and saw Augustus Klappenbach detach himself from a group of farmers, standing at the far end of a richly furnished room, and come briskly forward. His eyes were bloodshot, his face haggard, and he seemed to be making a mighty effort to control his blazing wrath.

"Where's the body?" asked the coroner.

"This way," said Klappenbach, and led them down a darkened corridor to a pretty bedroom, where the dead body of a frail little woman lay on a bed drenched with her blood.

"I left her just as I found her," he explained, speaking with an obvious effort. "I thought that was the proper thing to do. She was dead when I found her."

Offering no comment, the coroner examined the body on the bed, and presently announced:

"She bled to death thru her jugular vein, but the Lord only knows how it was cut! Seems to have been hacked in two. These deep gashes in her throat—I never saw anything like that. Looks as if she'd been clawed by a tiger!"

Energetically chewing a half-smoked cigar, he inspected the floor between the bed and the window. Shumway, looking over his shoulder, saw outlined in the blood on the rug marks that he readily recognized as portions of the huge webbed footprints. Lying beside a small table, amid some fragments of colored glass, were three purple asters.

THE coroner turned round to Klappenbach

"Tell us all you know about this," he said.

Klappenbach, whose great bulk nearly filled the doorway, passed his hand shakily across his eyes, as if to shut out the horrid sight on the bed.

"Yes, but not here."

He led the way back to the front room, where the farmers were still talking in hushed voices, and sank into a leather armchair, covering his face with his hands.

"I'm so upset by this thing," he began, with a visible effort at self-control, "that I can't seem to get hold of myself. It's just about floored me. I can't——"

"Start at the beginning," urged the coroner, "and tell us everything."

Klappenbach knuckled his temples and stared, wide-eyed, at the floor. The farmers, ceasing their low-toned discussion, regarded him silently.

"It was about one o'clock in the morning," he presently went on, "when I got home from Ranney's. My wife was in bed and asleep—in the room where you just saw her—and her window was open. She always slept with her window open, and on the first floor, because, being crippled, she couldn't get up and downstairs.

"I've been up late nearly every night, hunting this blood-sucking creature, and I was dog-tired and dead for sleep. After making sure my wife was all right, I went upstairs to my room and straight to bed. In two minutes I was asleep

"I awoke suddenly, with the feeling I'd heard some strange noise; but after listening for several minutes and hearing nothing, I decided it was imagination. I was just dozing off again when I heard a sound of breaking glass downstairs. I know now what it was—a vase of flowers had been knocked from the table beside my wife's bed.

"I sat up, listening; then I jumped out of bed and got my shotgun, and came running downstairs in my bare feet. And when I entered my wife's bedroom—there it was!"

Klappenbach paused, his eyes blazing, his teeth grinding together. He continued in a hard, unnatural voice:

"I recognized it at once—the frightful monster I had tried to kill only a few hours before. The horrible thing had cut her throat and gorged itself with her blood! It was climbing thru the window as I entered the room, and I jerked the gun to my shoulder and let it have both barrels. It gave a terrific cry of pain and toppled over backward thru the window.

"I supposed I had killed it, but when I ran to the window I saw it hobbling away, with its crazy waddle, toward the lake. I had no more shells, of course, and couldn't fire again. I realize now I should have followed it, anyway, and clubbed it to death

"But I was more concerned about my wife. I lit the lamp and I saw"—his voice sank hoarsely to a whisper—"I saw she was dead!" He sat staring stonily into

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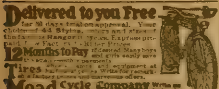
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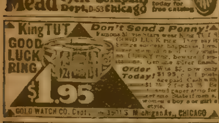
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space, his fists clenched till his knuckles stood out like white marbles.

"She must have died a horrible death," he added. "The monster had nearly torn her head off. You men saw –"

"What'd you do next?" interrupted Sheriff Quinn.

"When I saw my wife was beyond all aid, I started after the thing that had killed her, first getting some more shells for my gun. Meanwhile, the housekeeper and maid had been awakened, and I left them in charge here and ran for the lake, believing I could overtake and kill the thing which I had already wounded.

"But it got away. I found its footprints down by the lake and the spot where it entered the water, but that's all. I jumped in a boat and rowed along shore, looking for it. Then I came back and got my foreman, Julius Condorf, and telephoned Ranney and told him what had happened."

"How does it come," the coroner put in, "you didn't telephone me until an hour ago?"

"The fact is," said Klappenbach, "I didn't telephone you at all. Somebody else did that."

"That's right, Mr. Coroner," said Ranney, edging forward from the group of farmers. "When Gus 'phoned me, I took my wife and kid over to Ned Satterlee's and left 'em with Ned's wife, and when Ned and me got here we found Gus and Yondorf lookin' for the critter along the lake, and Gus was like a crazy man, swearin' he couldn't rest or sleep till the critter was dead. I spread the news hereabouts by 'phone and purty soon somebody happened to think that you oughta be notified, and called you up."

The foreman, maid, and housekeeper were questioned by the coroner, and substantially corroborated the testimony of Klappenbach. When the housekeeper had finished telling how she had been violently awakened by gunfire, and had rushed downstairs to find her employer beside himself with grief and rage, Klappenbach took his shotgun from beside the wide brick fireplace and confronted the coroner.

"If you're thru with me," he said, still making a visible effort to control his emotion, "I'd like to go. I'm going to slay the thing that killed my wife," he added grimly, with a swift upflare of wrath, "if it takes every minute of my time and costs every cent I own!"

At this juncture Shumway quietly left the room, and hurried outside to Mulliken's car and ordered full speed to the office of The Springdale Courant.

As the flivver bore him swiftly away, he was thinking of the broad-shouldered "gentleman farmer" standing back there in his living-room, towering above his sympathizing friends in a heroic attitude of vengeance. He was still thinking of him when he sprang from the car at The Courant office and rushed inside to a typewriter.

It was five minutes past 1 when he emerged, with a wad of copy in his hand, and ran across the street to the telegraph office. With his train due to leave in twenty-three minutes, he dashed from the telegraph office to MacDonald's store. Pausing momentarily to still his rapid breathing, he sauntered leisurely inside, ostensibly for the purpose of buying a cigar, really for quite another object.

When he left the store, smoking the rank cigar—which he promptly tossed into the street—he heard his train pull into town. Luckily he was in good physical trim.

He caught the last coach as it rolled from the station.

There is a smashing climax to this unusual story, and Shumway, the newspaper reporter, works it out for you in the final installment, which will appear in next week's Ledger. Watch for it, because you will enjoy the excitement!

* * *

Good at Figures.

A MAN was called before an inspector at Ellis Island to have his mentality tested. Assuming a look of dignity, the inspector propounded this stumper: "If I gave you a dog, this other man gave you a dog, and that man gave you a dog, how many dogs would you have?"

"Five dogs," replied the Irishman.

"Now listen carefully," continued the somewhat irritated inspector. "If I gave you a dog, this other man gave you a dog, and that man gave you a dog, how many dogs would you have?"

"Five dogs," again answered the candidate for admission to the United States.

"For the love of Mike, man," cried the irritated inspector, "how could you have five dogs?"

"Well, you see, I have one of me own already."

* * *

The Long Look Ahead.

A 5-year-old, who had fallen and cut his lip so that it was necessary for the doctor to stitch the wound, after bearing the pain bravely, turned to his mother, who was making much ado over the operation, and said:

"Never mind, mama, my mustache will cover it."

* * *

An Early Start.

The Groom—I was never so rattled in all my life.

The Bride—And you acted so cool and collected. Oh, Jack, how could you begin deceiving me even at the altar?

ACROSS The BAR

by LEON W. DEAN

"I NEVER knew it to be so low but once," remarked Mr. Macon. "That was thirty years ago. I was a boy then, and I saw a herd of six deer pass over almost dry shod."

The man's reference was to a sandbar that extended across the mouth of Little Otter Creek on Lake Champlain. The water was always shallow there in summer, but this was a particularly dry year, and for long stretches the sand showed above its surface. By charting a careful course, and wading a little, one might have been able to go from shore to shore.

"I was just about your age then, son," the man went on. "There haven't been so many changes in thirty years, after all—not here!"

Indeed, the old creek, with its broad borders of water reeds, and farther back its more substantial shores, looked as tho it might have stood as it was for generations. There were acres and acres of the tall, round-stemmed grasses, separating its channel from the land, and the way thru them was inpenetrable.

"I got one!"

It was the boy's exclamation. He was trolling with a hand-line, and by the way he pulled in it was very evident he had hooked a fish. It was dusk, and the boat had just crossed the sand-bar into the channel. The man ceased rowing, watching the boy haul in his catch. Once, as the fish came nearer, it leaped clear of the water, but he kept a tight line on it, handling it neither too fast nor too slowly, and worked it alongside the boat, where he swung it aboard. It was a pickerel weighing two and a half or three pounds.

"Pretty good work, young fellow!"

The voice came from another boat, passing them close by. Neither had seen it in the excitement. It had just come round the reeds into the channel, and was heading up-stream in their own direction.

"Hello, Macon!" greeted its occupant.

"Hello, Higsby!" was Mr. Macon's response.

The boy, his fish now killed, looked curiously after the retreating figure of the man as he drew away up-stream

Left With Two Babies and No Income

At first it was pretty hard to manage—now I keep my pocketbook comfortably filled

By Mrs. Bessie English

WHEN my husband died, two years ago, it seemed the end of the world to me.

There I was with two small children—one only six weeks old—and no income.

My husband's long sickness had taken every dollar of our savings. Baby's coming had brought another expense. The insurance was barely enough to meet all the bills. I was left almost destitute.

I was totally unprepared for the responsibility of being the family breadwinner. The only thing I knew how to do was housework. The outlook was anything but cheerful.

I Wouldn't Hear Of It

Everybody was very kind. There were many offers of help. But I had too much pride to be willing to accept charity, even from relatives. My folks urged me at least to let them take the children, so I would have only myself to provide for, instead of three. But I wouldn't hear of it. My babies were all I had in the world, and I was determined that nothing should take them from me.

But how was I to manage? I couldn't sleep thinking about it. Both children, and especially the baby, were at the age where they needed a mother's constant care. I couldn't leave them alone to go out working. Yet I faced the necessity of somehow earning enough to provide food and clothing and a home.

I live in a small town. At best there aren't many ways here for a woman to earn a living. And I had to find something that wouldn't take me away from the children. That didn't leave much choice. I would have to take in washing or starve.

I was none too strong. It was a hard grind. At times both my back and my courage were ready to break. But always the thought of my two children kept me going.

It was terribly discouraging. The children, of course, required quite a bit of my time. No matter how long or how hard I slaved over the wash tubs, what I earned was barely enough to keep body and soul together. Even with sewing added, the amount I earned was still pitifully small.

Worst of all, the hard work was gradually wearing me down. I lost twenty pounds. I began to fear I couldn't hold out much longer. The strain and worry of it had me almost in despair.

Just What I Had Been Hoping For

One Sunday I was so tired and discouraged that I was about ready to give up. Trying to get my mind off my struggle, I picked up a paper which a neighbor had brought over. As good luck would have it, the first thing that caught my eye was a way to earn money at home. Exactly what I had long been hoping for but never expecting to find—good pay for work I could do entirely at my own convenience, without stepping out of the house, without any tax on my strength, without set hours, without having to leave or neglect the children.

I read it from beginning to end. It told how a Mrs. Himberg, in Brooklyn, New York, had averaged about $12 a week for nearly two years—in her spare time. How hundreds of other home workers each earned all the way from $5 to $25 or more every week—the amount depending on how much time is given to the work.

I made up my mind I could do as well as anyone else. The work looked easy and interesting — knitting socks for the Home Profit Hosiery Company. I didn't known a thing about knitting, but it said no experience was necessary. I immediately wrote for full information about the plan.

The mere thought that perhaps my drudgery at the wash tubs would soon be over put me in better spirits than I had been for weeks. The more I found out about the plan and the money others were earning, the more convinced I became that here was my chance. So I sent in my application. In due time I received my Knitter, a supply of free yarn, and a book of simple and clear instructions that made everything plain and easy. Honestly, I fell in love with my Knitter as soon as I saw it—it looked so clever and capable. After a little practice, I could knit socks fine enough for any millionaire. It is no trick at all on this skillful little Home Profit Knitter. And I can sit down at my machine and earn a good day's pay while watching the children.

My First Check

My first check from the Home Profit Hosiery Company made me happier than any other money I had ever received—for it meant that at last I had found a way to be self-supporting without making a slave and drudge of myself.

Since then practically ever dollar I have had has been earned on my Home Profit Knitter—I call it the family Bread Winner. And I have done this without tiring myself or neglecting the children or housework. Compared with washing or sewing, the work is actually restful. I have regained all the weight and strength I had lost—and have regained my old cheerfulness and self-respect. I am able to give my children all the necessaries and some of the comforts of life. I am gradually putting a little money aside. Above all I can face the future with full confidence that I will always know where the money for things we need is coming from because the Home Profit Hosiery Company has signed a life contract with me to take all the socks I can knit. It was a lucky day for me when I read about the Home Profit Home Work plan.

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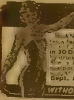

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around a bend in the channel. He was a man of considerable prominence, with a history that made him of interest to every boy. He had a splendid farm on the east side of the creek, coming down to its mouth. On the other side, lying in a much similar position, was another good farm, belonging to a man by the name of Dawson. For years there had been a feud between the two. Both were able men, who, by working together, might have done much for their community, but they never spoke, and either fought each other, or, at best, stood neutral. The boy mentioned the cause of the quarrel as they went on again.

"I shouldn't think they would keep it up," he said, "now that she's dead!"

When the two men were young there had been a girl. She had been Dawson's girl, and Higsby had stolen her away from him. No one knew why she had gone over from the one to the other, but she had. At mention of her Mr Macon looked thoughtfully at his son.

"Cora Briggs was the prettiest girl, save one, anywhere in these parts," he observed, "and the giddiest, most reckless. I believe I know what nobody else knows. I know why she married Dudley Higsby, and lived all her life to regret it!"

The boy was rather taken aback. It seemed strange to him that his father should speak as he was. If he were told, he knew that it would be in the nature of a confidence, and that he must keep the secret as his father had kept it.

"Do you recall my mentioning six deer a little while ago?"

The boy nodded.

One of them was a magnificent buck Cora Briggs, as a favor, was given a sight of him by the two boys. In one of her mad-cap moods she swore she would marry whichever one of them brought him in. Clifford Dawson told me this. Higsby was as dare-devil as she, and, altho he was Dawson's friend, took her up. I was with Dawson the night he laid for the buck and brought him down on the west end of the sandbar. The farm that he owns was his father's then. The buck fell, but before we could get to him he was up again, and had turned back over the bar. Higsby, as luck would have it, met him there. We heard a gun go off, and knew well enough what it was. By the time we arrived he had cut the buck's throat and was dressing him off. He claimed him as his, as having fired the final shot. Dawson did not like it a little bit. He claimed the animal was already mortally hurt, and that Higsby would have had no shot at all had his own shot not driven him back. The quarrel was born right there. Higsby was as proud as Lucifer, and a bad loser. In those days he was considered perhaps the better catch of the two, and the girl took him. There could have been no love on either side. It was Dawson she really cared for. That galled Higsby, too, and the quarrel that was started in bad blood, reaping good to no one, both have been foolish enough to carry on."

It was so dark by the time the man had finished speaking that there was not much use trying to troll longer, and the boy wound in his line. Little Otter Creek, with its bottom of mud and its rush-grown borders, is a famous place for bullpouts. That was what the two had really come for. The trolling was but an incident of the way. The place that they were headed for was what was known as the East Slang, but whether to keep on or not they hardly knew. Since leaving home the sky to the west had become a little overcast, and it might not be well to go so far up. A storm can come into being with disconcerting suddenness on the lake, and some of them are bad ones

"Probably Higsby's there anyway," suggested the boy. "One's enough in a place like that!"

His father, who had just sent the boat in close to the weeds, and risen to cast over the anchor, glanced quickly at him.

"I haven't prejudiced you, have I, son?" he queried. "Remember that they both are strong men, and both have suffered for what they have done!"

As the anchor went overboard there came out of the west a low, distant rumble of thunder. They had planned to remain in the creek perhaps half the night, and it did not sound very propitious, but they baited up and cast in for a few minutes anyway. As luck would have it, pouts began almost at once to bite. The thunder grew louder, and the lightning commenced to flash, but, whatever else it was, it was a good night for fish, and they stayed. The storm, as was often the case, might go round. Even if it came, they would probably get no more than a drenching, for the reeds would act as a buffer, and the waves, to any great extent, could not get at them. It was not until other storm clouds began to appear from other directions that Mr. Macon really became uneasy. All about them the sky, as by magic, grew dark, but in the west it changed to red. It was not real red. It was a reddish-yellow glare, hanging like volcano fires over the summits of the Adirondacks

"I'm going," declared the man

It was a portentous sight if ever there was one. Before they could get up anchor and away the wind had freshened Lightning played in a continuous circle about the horizon, flash answering flash from different quarters of the heavens, darting down in vivid streams of fire upon the lake. The thunder crashed near and incessant. For a moment the wind lulled. In that moment there came a flare of light that seemed fairly to blind them, and the clap of thunder that followed shook the atmosphere. In the midst of the light they saw Higsby. He, too, was rowing for the lake

"Look!" he cried. "Look"

Another flash, quick upon the first, showed at what he was pointing. It was at a building on fire to the eastward, where the lightning had struck. By the way it burst into flame it must be a barn full of hay.

"The cattle!" they heard him call, as he passed them. "The cattle!"

They knew what barn it must be, but at first did not get his meaning about the cattle. All the Higsby buildings were model structures. Down near the creek he had built a large barn in which to store hay that was cut off the swamps. The hay was not very good, but was worth keeping. It was this barn that had caught. There were really two creeks. Little Otter Creek came in from the south, and Lewis Creek came in from the east, forming a sort of angle, with only a few rods between their mouths Much of this intervening land, extending back along the creeks, was swamp land, but much of it, too, made good pasturage, and cattle were allowed to feed there. The grass on the swamps had been cut once, but had grown up again, and was now as dry as tinder. If the fire should get to running in it, it might corner the cattle. Higsby had doutless seen them as he came down to the creek, and knew that they were in danger. The wind, coming in from the south and west, would drive the fire across from one creek to the other, and perhaps shut them up in the angle. Even as the man and boy sensed what was meant by the shout they saw the burning barn go to pieces. The pent-up heat within it fairly blew it asunder, and under the lash of the wind the flying fire brands ignited the grass all about, scattering quickly to the high, lush growth of the swamp

"Come on, boy," shouted Mr. Macon, "let's go!"

He bent to the oars in a way that fairly lifted the boat from the water, causing it to surge ahead at every stroke, and the boy, to help, caught up a paddle With the wind and wave behind them, the swells curling past, high on the gunwales, they all but flew. It was half a mile to the mouth of the creek, and so dark that they could not see had it not been for the quick come and go of the lightning flashes and the mounting of the fire. By the time they had reached it the flames were racing madly, striv-

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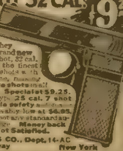

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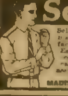

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ing to outstrip them along the shore, and it was nip and tuck. The boy's shoulders ached from his exertion, and his breath came short and hard, but he dared not stop. He swung the boat around the reeds, and they bore down upon the land. The fire had almost cut across the base of the angle between the creeks, for that way it was directly before the wind, and was working its way more slowly down into the vortex. Of a sudden they heard a shout.

"Whey! Get along there! Whey!"

That was all that was distinguishable about it. Most of the time it was just incoherent yelling. Out of the fire and smoke, embers dropping about them, came cattle. They were running, with that rolling, lumbering motion peculiar to their kind. There were a score or more, all of them young, and all of them panic-stricken. Behind, urging them on, ran a man. He was hatless, coatless, as mad almost as they. In his shouts and flourishes, and bounding gesticulations, one would scarcely have recognized the ordinarily poised, proud bearing of Higsby. He must have reached them just in time, and was running them for the lake, down thru a neck between the reeds of one creek and the other. It was for there that the man and the boy were headed, and for a moment, as their boat slid up onto the land, they thought they would be run over, but the herd split, going by on either side, plunging knee and shoulder deep into the water. They would have turned back then, and tried desperately to do so, but Higsby, at their backs, would not let them.

"Put them across the sand-bar!" cried Mr. Macon, as he joined him.

George, too, pitched in. It was a fight all around. The cattle were young and skittish. They were as afraid of the water ahead of them as of the fire behind them. The men had to beat them forward with shout and blow. Sometimes, as with head down they sought to break back thru, it was hard to stop them. Once George was almost caught. Two rushed him at the same time. They were wild with fright, their eyes shining wickedly in the light, their tails straight out, every movement that of a beast at the highest nervous tension. He got one of them by the horns before it had hardly started, and managed to slue it around against the other, but he himself went down in the attempt. His only recourse was to hang on, and he did so, but was nearly gored and trampled. It was Higsby who got him free and clubbed the animal back around. In time they got them onto the bar, and then they went easier. All pointed in the same direction, and running shoulder to shoulder, they presented a weird spectacle. To one side of them were the wind-bent, tossing rushes, and on the other, stretching far into the distance, the tumbling waters of the open lake. Over all was the lurid glaze of the fire, the zig-zag of lightning, and the violent claps of thunder. It was like a world gone out of its senses, and there were moments when the boy, stumbling, staggering on behind the run-away herd, thought that he, too, was out of his senses. It was as they neared the mouth of the creek, where the wind had greater sweep, that real trouble began again. Here the hissing waves piled higher, especially down the creek itself, and broke white, tinged with crimson, over the bar, sinister in the lightning light. As they began to strike the cattle, rolling up against them, buffeting them, the animals were inclined to break once more, and it became a tussle to hold them. Their terrified, angry bellowing mingled with the human shouts and calls, and the clamor of the storm. The rain came. It came slanting, slashing in, bringing fresh, furious gusts of wind, the one cutting down all that the other left standing. The fierce squalls seemed to pick the water from the lake and hurl it in sheets against man and beast as they struggled there amid the elements together. It was just when it seemed as tho the men must fail that there came a hail and the bark of a dog. It was a figure befitting the savage night that they caught sight of in the alternating light and dark. It was Dawson, outside the bar in a pitching boat, and with him a magnificent collie.

"Back, men!" he yelled, his voice rising trumpet-like above the fury of the storm. "Put them back!"

They knew by voice and gesture what he meant. He was for turning the cattle back, and not letting them land. Already they were becoming bunched and disordered, struggling among themselves to get around. It was his land they were coming to. In the confusion no one had apparently thought of it before. He could keep them off if he desired. He was endeavoring to cut in ahead of them with his boat and turn them.

"Back you go, men!" he yelled again. "Back with them!"

Those with the cattle would have known the dog even if they had not known the man. He was big, and all white and golden yellow. Dawson was a lover of dogs. There was none other like Chief of Sandpiper Farm in all the country round. One of the few mistakes of his life he made that night, and it was never scored against him. As his master's boat ran in by the cattle they were in a frightful mess, horning each other, rearing and striking. One or two were down, and others being shoved off into deeper water. Higsby would doubtless have tried to force them thru in spite of the warning, bringing on the worst trouble of all, but before his master could get in to further block them Chief had gone overboard. It was not to hinder, but to help. He saw men struggling with cattle, and knew, or thought he knew, on which side to cast his might. A few strokes brought him to the bar, and his nipping, barking attack, more or less of a surprise, was thrown into the balance. At first his master tried to call him back, but then, when he saw how bitter was the contest, how near the dog, too, was to being vanquished, his pride in the animal's prowess overcame all else.

"Bring them in, Chief!" he bellowed. "Bring them in!"

It needed only that incentive. The big dog became as two. Amid the lightning flashes they could glimpse him, sprayed and tumbled by water, threatened by hoof and horn, but in and out and in again, urging, retarding, always there when needed, with themselves whipping the recalcitrant members of the herd back into line, and straightening them at a run along the bar. It was masterly work. As cattle and men and dog went plashing on toward shore the voice of Dawson came out of the storm after them.

"Take them in, Chief! Take them in!"

There were cliffs along the shore on the west side of the creek. A cattle trail led up them. As the herd struck the beach, they went straight on and up this trail, the big dog at their heels. Turning, the men waited for Dawson. Higsby caught the bow of his boat as it came in, pulling it up on the land.

"Thank you, Clifford," he said.

His hand was outstretched. Dawson took it.

"Don't thank me, Dudley," he answered. "Thank Chief. But I'm not sorry he did it. I guess we've both of us had enough!"

The Flue Took Mary

by Agnes B. Walker

"JUST how much chance has this Lehnon fellow, "Ginger?" Harry took the tip of a taper finger in his hand and looked at it as if he had never seen a finger tip before. He discovered, as he examined it, that he had never realized what lovely hands Elise had. He wondered if there were not other things about her as perfect if he looked for them. Elise Harmon had visited his mother for a few weeks every year. He had always liked her, had liked to take her out with him, because she carried herself majestically and wore stunning clothes. More than once he had caught the admiring glances of the other fellows when he held aside the curtain and she stepped into the family box at the theater. But there had been Mary. Mary with her girlishness and breezy little way had blown him off his feet four years before and he had married Mary.

"Ginger" threw back her head, closed her eyes, so that there was the merest gleam thru her curled lashes and said, "Oh, I'm not sure that he has any chance, Harry. He is so thoughtless and self-centered. He is a contrast indeed to you, you old dear. Mary was a lucky girl to get a 'gude man' like you Why do you ask? What do you think of Mack?"

Harry lifted the finger and kissed the pink nail with a deference which was one of his many attractions.

"Well, little 'Ginger' girl, I just wondered if there might be any chance for an old man like me?"

"Ginger's" eyes started wide open, her red lips opened with one of those spicy retorts which had won for her her "Ginger" name. But the attitude of the man leaning over her told her that he meant what he said. This was no jest. His eyes held hers.

"I never knew before that you had such lovely eyes, 'Ging,' nor did I know that there is the most attractive brown spot in the left one." He slipped his arm about her chair.

An angry flush and a flash, such as Ginger eyes only can flash, answered his seriousness. "Harry!" The tone was one of angry surprise. "Where is Mary?" she rebuked him.

"Mary? Why, 'Ginger,' didn't you know? The flu took Mary. You don't think——"

"Oh, Harry, I didn't know!" She put her hand thru his arm and pressed it sympathetically.

"You haven't answered my question, Ginger."

"I don't know. As a child I wondered if I should ever grow up and have a beau like you."

The door bell rang and they turned to see Mack Lehnon swinging his tennis racket.

"I have been waiting for you a half hour, Mack," Elise said, as they went toward the tennis court. Mack decapitated a clover with a fierce swing of his racket.

"I wonder that you noticed that I am late. You seemed most pleasantly engaged when I came." Another clover head served as Harry's proxy and Mack snapped the head off it vigorously.

Elise was delighted. Mack was jealous! He had been her only beau for years and she had been perfectly satisfied that he should be the only one, until recently. He had lost his head once or twice over somebody else for a time, but had always come back to her and she was so glad that she never thought of rebuking him. She had accepted him as a matter of course, his tardiness and lax attentions, and had never thought it strange that he had not asked her to marry him until a few days before, when she had found a wrinkle starting at the corner of her mouth. She was in the shadow of 30 and she had a wrinkle! Then she began to be dissatisfied with Mack Lehnon, her only beau.

She tossed her head and smiled. "Harry is my best pal. He has been a brother to me."

"A peculiar attitude for a brother to take, and the expression on his face was anything but brotherly. What about his wife?"

"Mary? Oh, don't you know? The flue took Mary." Elise tried to bring a dramatically sad note into her voice, but there was a little quivery note of triumph in it in spite of her.

THE tennis game was a failure, so far as Mack was concerned, but a complete success for Elise. Mack played so poorly that Elise won a "love" set from him. Then he became furious with himself and in his anger drove the balls out of the court, every time he struck them. Another "love" game ended it. Mack threw himself on the grass beside the court and pouted. Elise had never seen him pout before and it was food for her vanity, also food for much thought.

"I never saw you play such a game, Mack. Are you sick?"

Mack was playing with an ant; pushing him back with the rim of his racket as often as he crawled toward him. He did not answer her.

"If I am to have neither tennis nor conversation, I guess I will go in."

He caught her arm.

"Please don't. I have been a bore, I know, but Elise, you don't care for Harry, do you?"

The telephone, that marvelous little instrument, that with almost human tact, has relieved more than one little

Man 74 Years Old Is "Rejuvenated" In 3 Weeks Without Gland Operation

Kansas Contractor Tells of Wonderful Results Obtained in Test of New Scientific Discovery.

Thomas J. Glascock, 74, well-known Kansas contractor, declares he has virtually been made young again by the recently discovered korex compound, which is pronounced superior to "gland treatments" as an invigorator and revitalizer.

"I feel like I did at 35," says Mr. Glascock, "and seem to be getting stronger every day. During my three weeks' use of the new discovery, pains and weaknesses of many years' standing disappeared almost magically. Today I am as vigorous and supple as I was in the prime of life. Furthermore, when I began using the compound, my memory was virtually gone and I was almost blind. Now my mind is clear and active and I can read the finest print without difficulty."

In order to find out whether the results were lasting, Mr. Glascock waited six months before reporting on his test of the discovery. On this point he says:

Every passing day strengthens my conviction that my restoration is not only complete but permanent. I can't express the happiness this great discovery has brought to me. It has made me 'young' again."

THOMAS J. GLASCOCK.

Similar reports are being made almost daily. For instance, D. W. Wood of New Orleans, past 60 years of age, says: "The compound has brought me back to as good, healthy physical condition as I enjoyed at 35. I am apparently as supple as at 25 and my eyesight is better than for years. I would not take $5,000 for what the discovery has done for me."

The compound is a simple home treatment in tablet form, absolutely harmless, yet rated as the quickest and most powerful invigorator known. Acting directly on lower spinal nerve centers and certain glands and blood vessels, it often brings amazing benefits in 24 to 36 hours, according to thousands who have tested it.

"It is wonderful," writes a resident of Hollister, Cal. "In less than 24 hours you can feel it does the work. It makes one feel young as a young man. I am more than happy and glad I tried it." Another Californian says: "The compound is a world's wonder. I feel like I was about 25 and here I am nearly fifty!"

The compound has been tested in all parts of the country and has won the praises of thousands who suffered from nerve weakness, lost or depleted vigor, neurasthenia, premature age, impaired glandular activity and lack of animation and vital force. Its effects seem to be virtually the same on both young and old. Physicians say the principal active ingredient of the compound gives speedy satisfaction in obstinate cases that defy all other treatments. Elderly people pronounce the discovery a real "fountain of youth."

Realizing that thousands of enfeebled, half-alive folk may consider such news "too good to be true," the American distributors have agreed to supply a double-strength treatment of the discovery on a guaranteed trial basis to everyone in need of such a preparation. If you wish to test the compound under a money-back guarantee, write in strict confidence to the Melton Laboratories, 2103 Melton Building, Kansas City, Mo., for a two-dollar treatment of korex compound, mailed in a plain, sealed wrapper. You may enclose two dollars, or simply send your name, without money, and pay two dollars and postage on delivery, as you prefer. In either case, however, if you report within ten days that you are not satisfied, the laboratories will refund the purchase price upon request. These laboratories are nationally known and thoroughly reliable, so nobody need hesitate about accepting their guaranteed offer. Adv.

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moment of embarrassment with its gay jingle, rang.

"There is nobody at home," Elise said and jumped to her feet.

"I'll go. Wait and I promise you a real game when I get back." Mack was repentant. Maybe he had not been jealous at all: Elise was disappointed.

"It is for you," Mack growled from the porch and Elise surmised from the growl that it must be Harry and her heart jumped, more in exultation at Mack's discomfiture than at Harry's attention. She would have despised herself if she had deliberately made him jealous, but it had come without any summons from her, she thought as she went to the house. Then there was that newly discovered wrinkle, the little forewarning "shadow the years had cast before."

"It's Harry." She turned from the phone to Mack. "And he wants us to join him and 'Aunt Nelle' for a little box party tonight." She turned to the phone: "But Mack hasn't his evening clothes here— Your new one and you will wear the old one? Yes, we would love to! "What? ——The black one with the sequin bodice? Of course, if you want me to. ——What? Flowers, I guess. No? Then save it until I get there. I adore surprises. —— All right, I will send your dress clothes by a messenger and meet you at the hotel at 8. Is that right? Yes, and I am to tell your mother to wear lavender? You are the most thoughtful person in the world, Harry. ———Good-by."

THE advent of Harry's mother, Elise's pseudo "Aunt Nelle," postponed the explosion gathering in Mack. It also prevented his refusing to join the party. Nobody ever refused "Aunt Nelle" anything. He fumed into his bath and fussed into Harry's new dress suit, despising himself one minute for putting the thing on if Harry was going to turn traitor and take Elise and the next minute despising himself for being a jealous chump.

Elise intended asking "Aunt Nelle" about Mary several times, but decided not to spoil the evening. She would ask in the morning. How thoughtless and ungrateful "Aunt Nelle" must think her not to have written her on such an occasion, for "Aunt Nelle" had been devoted to Mary. Surely in their grief they had forgotten to tell her. Poor, dear Harry. He, too, had been devoted to Mary, but men get so lonely.

Harry was a lovable man, but Elise had grown so used to Mack, and Mack, jealous, was much more interesting than she had dreamed he could be. He had been so prosy, so sure of her.

"Aunt Nelle" interrupted her thought: "What do you suppose that most delightful of sons has planned to surprise us with now?"

"I never could guess. He is a perfect dear, isn't he?"

Now, Elise was in the habit of "perfect dearing" everything, from a frock to a Maltese kitten, and Mack had twitted her about it hundreds of times, but tonight it was different. He was the proverbial clam all the way down town.

When they got to the hotel Elise, as was her custom, slipped from under the wheel and made room for Harry. She was uneasy when she drove in a crowd. Mack had seen her do just that dozens of times before, but tonight it was a ruse to leave him in the back seat with "Aunt Nelle" and have the front seat all to themselves.

Before Harry started the car, he handed his mother a long box, wrapped in tissue and tied with lavender ribbon. Then he gave a similar box to Elise.

"Guess," he laughed.

"Aunt Nelle" was gayly unwrapping hers and chattering to Mack. "Aunt Nelle's" chatter was always worth listening to, but tonight it was merely old lady's garrulousness to Mack. Why should she talk so much when he was straining his auditory nerves to the breaking point, trying to hear what they were saying on the front seat? It was a cad's trick trying to listen, but then Elise was his! He had a right to listen.

"Something I have heard you wish for a long time," Harry was saying. Then she opened the box and squealed a delightful little squeal. She held a rich black ostrich fan out against the wind shield, admired it from all angles and then caught Harry's arm in an estatic squeeze.

"Look, Mack!" she turned to him, as she always did when she was happy, and caught sight of a lavender counterpart of her fan being enthused over by the two on the back seat, or rather by one, on the back seat. The expression on Mack's face was misery and joy at once to Elise. She caught Harry's arm again and tucked her hand under it and sat a little nearer him.

That evening was one long misery to Mack and one long joy to Elise. She was perfect in her dark gown with its sparkling sequins and her picturesque fan. Every movement of its rich plumes fanned Mark's hatred for Harry. The thief, he was certainly sure of himself, dressing her up to feast his eyes on this early in the game! The next minute he was sick with disgust that he could have thought such a thing. He knew Harry better than that.

Once during the evening "Aunt Nelle" had said, "Our party would be perfect if only Mary were here." Harry had taken her hand for a minute and they had exchanged a glance, a glance of tender sympathy on "Aunt Nelle's" part, but Elise was puzzled at Harry's look. It made her a little uncomfortable.

THE week that followed was one for Elise to treasure in her memory to tell her children about. Never was a girl so rushed. Harry and Mack vied with each other for moments with her. She had fresh flowers from two florists every morning and candy enough to have brought smiles to a whole company of "Yanks" in the late war.

Then one day Mack failed to call her or to send a sign of loyalty. She wondered. The next day passed. She was miffed. Good old Harry's attentions grated a little. The third day. She was furious and determined to marry Harry if he asked her and she was determined that he should ask her. The fourth ray and still no Mack. That night Elise cried herself to sleep.

After lunch the next day Mack appeared in a new roadster, a brown vision with tan disk wheels. Harry sat a little closer to Elise and smiled at his mother who sat crocheting near them on the porch.

Mack leaped from the car without opening the door, strode up to the porch and swung himself over the rail in front of Elise and Harry.

"I have come to take you for a ride, Elise. Get your hat."

"I am sorry, Mack, but the Crawfords are coming to play bridge with Harry and me this afternoon," she said sweetly. He should not be masterful when he had ignored her for four whole days. Mack caught sight of a hat thru the French door. He went in, caught it up, then before they knew what was happening, he had taken Elise in his arms, deposited her in the car, and with a snort and a chug and a purr, they were off.

Mack stopped the car beside the road. Elise had just begun to get her breath and he encountered a blaze when he turned her face to him and looked into her eyes.

"Please, I want you so much, dear, that I have braved your 'ginger.' I am abject in my apologies, Elise, but Harry has had his happiness. I am not big enough to give him mine." He stopped. "You dear! I never noticed that cute little brown spot in your eye before." And then and there in broad daylight he ministered to that brown spot with a lover's ministry and Elise did not resist.

"I have something in my coat pockets for you, dear. Left one first."

She put her hand gingerly into his pocket, and drew out a small leather box. Every girl knows what is in those small leather boxes after a man has discovered that she has a "cute little brown spot" in her eye, so why waste the ink? But out of the right pocket, after Elise had "ahed" and "ohed" and let Mack minister to the eye that had no spot, came another leather box, exactly like the first one. What girl wouldn't have said, "But, Mack?" with an exclamatory question mark after the "Mack?"

"Look and see," he laughed. He could afford to laugh now. It was platinum like the setting of her engagement ring and the date in it was that very thirteenth of June by whose roadside they were sitting.

"Today! I couldn't today, Mack! I haven't any trousseau!"

"I brought your hat," Mack said as he started his engine.

"But, Mack, a girl always has to have a trousseau when she gets married. It's such fun planning and making it."

"I wouldn't marry a girl with a trousseau! It's bad luck, like black cats crossing your path, or picking up a pin with the head to you. Anyhow, I have the license and it's today!

THAT evening they were sitting on the broad veranda of the "Beach House" trying to look unconcerned. A page came toward them droning respectfully and unintelligibly, "Mrs. Mack Lehnon,— M-i-s-t-r-e-s-s M-a-c-k L-e-h-n-o-n." He had passed them when a strange little thrill in his heart woke Mack and a companion thrill wakened Elise. They exchanged glances. "That's" —and they both started for the page.

The message read:

"Your wire received. The flu did take Mary—to her mother's. She arrived on the noon train and sends congratulations along with mine. Tell Mack I certainly admire his 'Ginger.' I heard you talking to mother about being in the shadow of thirty with a wrinkle. Please wire forgiveness. HARRY."

* * *

Be Good

(Continued From Page 4.)

flirt, but not being so stand-offish that a fellow could flirt if he wanted to. I want to see if girls are safe here in the city or if they are really pestered to death the way they say they are and—say," he broke off, his lips still parted and a smile coming. "By jingo! That would be—well, say, wouldn't you have thought it would have come to me before!"

Lucille stood waiting. She wondered what his idea was but was afraid to ask. From the expression on his face it must be something pretty worth while, but he vouchsafed nothing concerning it and presently she found herself in the hallway again with her assignment in hand. She met Fred in the hallway and was just about to tell him of her day's work when the city editor called him back.

"Harkness! Come back again a mo—I—darn that phone—" he broke off. "I'll see you in a minute."

Lucille waved at him and hurried along. From previous experience she knew that he would stand talking to her too long and perhaps be called down by the short-tempered city editor.

SHE found herself an hour later mounting the bus on Michigan boulevard, her heart thumping and her face hot. She had not realized at all that all girls resemble each other so closely that a matter of a hat, cheap perfume and a cheap blouse could make such a difference. She had never realized before that her clothes made any great difference in her. Now, however, that she had donned the things mentioned by Cheney she saw that she looked no different from any one of the half dozen other girls on the bus at this time of day. She had added without instructions a cheap little veil also. She felt that it would hide her face to a certain extent. She wished that she had told Cheney that she did not care to do the assignment but that would mean professional suicide. It was seldom that Cheney himself bothered to interview any one. The fact that he had pointed to the possibility of something really good—later. Her face flushed as this idea occurred to her. How much later would the plum drop? If it was too long in coming she might already have married—

"How is the leetle cutie?" came a foreign whisper at the back of her neck.

She lifted her chin and then remembered her role. She must not discourage this man. She must do the opposite, in

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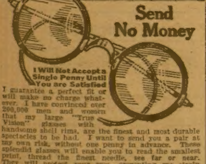

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WRITE PLAINLY.

fact. She must give him every opportunity to flirt and get some sort of write-up about it. She knew what Anne Ainslie the same office would do under similar circumstances. She would chase home with a good library book and settle herself cozily for the day. At 5 she would rush into the office, dash off a few pages of stuff made up on the way downtown and hand it in with a wide-eyed smile and a lingering sigh. She had known of Anne Ainslie pulling that very stunt some eight or nine times in the last two months. If she were wise herself, she would do that very thing now.

"It wouldn't be square," she said to herself severely. "He trusted me to go out on the job alone and he gave me the card with his name on in case I should need to use it."

"Mademoiselle said someseeng?" came the insinuating voice from the rear again.

She turned: "Didja say something?" she murmured," trying to emulate the character of the girl she was dressed to resemble.

The pointed little mustache of the man behind seemed to bristle as she turned. The eyes widened at her and stared, he moistened his lips.

For some unknown reason Fred's final words as he left her recurred to her at this moment. "Be good!" he had said. He always said that, and somehow it always thrilled her just the same way, as if he had some personal reason for which he wanted her to be good. If Fred saw her now! Her face whitened. She wished she had told him of the assignment. Even doing this on assignment she knew Fred would be very, very angry.

"Would the little mademoiselle like to stop for a cup of chocolate?'" murmured the soft voice.

She looked at him sharply. Did he mean—chocolate? Or perhaps something else? Men, especially the foreign men, carried hip flasks constantly, she had heard. They were coming to the Wilson avenue district now and near a chocolate shop where Wally had taken her several times on Sunday evenings when the maid had been out and they themselves had not wanted to bother to prepare Sunday night tea.

"Yeah!" she said languidly.

She rose and trailed down the steep stairs, the man following. It was disgusting that working girls should be bothered like this, she was thinking, when her eye caught her reflection in a plate glass window. After all, if a girl dressed herself like that what could she expect! They went into the little sweet shop and into a semi-private stall of dark wood.

THEY drank the chocolate in silence and Lucille was wondering how she could get away from him to continue her assignment. Suddenly he pulled the chain of the little lamp on the table and they were in darkness. She saw him reach up and take off the soft hat he wore and touch his mouth. Suddenly, before she could move he had turned the light up again and she stared at him.

"Why—Fred"—she said in a stricken voice. "Why—Fr-ed!"

"Is this the way you—ordinarily spend your days?" he asked coldly. "If so——"

"The way I spend my days?" she answered with a cold laugh. "What about yourself?"

"I'm out on assignment—Cheney himself. And say, girl," for the second he seemed to forget her enormity, "Cheney himself—do you hear? It means something big, I know! Even the city editor said so when he sent me in. It seems Cheney is gathering together a set of articles on mashing. Sounds cheap, of course, but he assigned me the job of dressing up like some foreigner who would attract a cheap class of girl to see whether they fell easily or whether the mashers were really much to blame"—he ended lamely.

Lucille was smiling. "It was funny I didn't know you," she murmured. "But that funny hat and the voice and the little mustache——"

He was staring at her again coldly. "If I'd known you—I don't suppose I'd have—started anything with you. I believe I should have preferred to have kept my—ideals. I'd had bad luck as far as the assignment went. I took a street car and spoke to a girl. Before I knew it I'd been yanked off and was talking to an officer. I got away by using the card Cheney had given me and spoke to another. She—she," he smiled ruefully. "She slapped me good on the face and it stings yet. It wasn't until I met—you"—his voice was very cool now.

"Let's see the card Cheney gave you!" asked Lucille.

He looked thru his pockets and laid it face up on the table.

"Here's the one he gave me," said Lucille softly. "And here was the order to the department store for these things I have on."

He stared at her unbelievingly. "You—you mean you're out on assignment?"

"He gave me mine just before you went in, I guess. I had just come from his office when I met you in the hall."

Fred reached across the table and took her upturned hand: "Lu," he whispered in a low tone. "It was great, your getting the chance and all of that, but I'm not going to let you do it. You—we—I, well, you know what I wanted to tell you last night. I'm not making much, but with Cheney keeping an eye on me it means something and—you're going to marry me right away."

"But Wally!" expostulated Lucille, thinking of her brother and the college tuition.

"Hang Wally! Let him go to work the way other fellows do."

Lucille started wiping off the lip-rouge.

* * *

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..Stoop Shoulders
..Muscular Development
..Great Strength
..Deformity (Describe)

Name ....
Age .... Occupation ....
Street ....
City .... State ....

The Cirl He Should Have Married.

(Concluded From Page 15.)

right." Mrs. Sprague smoothed her apron. "They were always together. Every night the crowd they go out with was out serenading or on a motor picnic or something. Then this young Payne came home and she started going with him. Every time Wallie would ask to take her to a party she'd already have promised to go with Albert."

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—Adv.

"And only wanted to be a sister to Wallie."

"But she hadn't seemed like that before. She'd been real fond of him. They had a song, Sweet Marie, maybe you've heard it. It had a chorus something about 'I dare not tell.' One day when he was humming it around the house, I asked Wally why he didn't tell her and have it over with. He laughed and said he meant to some day."

"Does Miss Creed sing?" Lulu decided she would find out what she could of it, and, if possible, help her cousin's case.

Mrs. Sprague nodded. "She sings and Wally plays the guitar. He teased me about wanting to get rid of him after I asked him that while they still went together, but he hasn't said a word since. I know he's thinking that my way would have been best. I believe in striking while the iron is hot."

Lulu closed her lips and opened them in her decided way. "I'm going to see, in the two weeks I'm here, if I can't reunite the estranged lovers, Auntie. You may not know it, but I'm a wizard at match-making."

"Go ahead," said Mrs. Sprague. "You have my consent. Wally's been like a bear around here for over a month."

"You were going to have a party for me, weren't you?" planned Lulu. "Introduce me as Miss instead of Cousin. It may be an old ruse, that of bringing lovers together by the application of a little jealousy. But it usually works. We'll leave Miss Nina to infer that Wally can have a good time with out-of-town company, as well as she can."

MRS. SPRAGUE invited Wallace's crowd for a lawn party and carried out Lulu's instructions. Instead of as Cousin Lulu, she was introduced as Miss Howard of Toronto. Nothing was said of the relationship. Lulu might have been anybody's sweetheart. She was radiant in white organdie with an aureole of marcelled hair quite equal to Nina Creed's. Nina came with Albert Payne and was visibly impressed by the Sprague's house guest.

Toward the end of the evening the men left the girls on the porch while they went to bring out the lunch trays. Lulu occupied a chair next to Nina's. The other girls were grouped about the piano which had been pushed out thru the French doors of the living-room. The two were alone.

"Have you known Mrs. Sprague long?" asked Nina. "Or," she hesitated just long enough to save her question from being impertinent, "perhaps you're Wally's friend?"

"I've known her for quite a while," said Lulu, demurely. "But of course," she hesitated, suggestively.

"You're more Wally's age," supplied Nina.

"Wally and I have been pals, you might say lovers, for a good many years." Lulu met Nina's inquiring eyes with a frank look. I got in the habit of depending on him when he was in Boston Tech. I'm a Radcliffe girl. He got out first and I've missed him terribly. He's a pretty dependable person." Lulu laughed, apologetically, for praising one so near to her.

"Oh, yes," said Nina. "I was away at school, myself, until this year."

"Are there any cute boys here?" queried Lulu, confidentially. "I mean, of course, besides Wally? I'd like to philander, just a little. Don't you think they appreciate you more if you aren't just right there, every minute, like an albatross around their neck?"

Nina studied her. "You want to make Wally jealous?"

"It might be a lark to relieve him of my presence part of the time I'm here."

"What do you think of Albert Payne?" asked Nina, abruptly.

"He seems awfully nice." Lulu was the picture of the engaged girl who wishes to tantalize her betrothed.

"We might trade off for the rest of the evening," suggested Nina. "Albert thinks a lot of himself, but he's terribly good-looking. Don't you think so?"

"I love good-looking men! Let's!"

The girls nodded wisely, to complete the understanding while Wally and Albert came up to them bearing trays with ice cream and cake.

"How would it be for us to eat ours together out on the garden seat?" Nina stood up and looked straight into Wally's eyes.

"It looks terribly romantic out there," laughed Lulu. "Mr. Payne, would you like to stay here with me?"

"Sure would!" Albert stretched his white-flanneled legs from the porch chair Nina had occupied. He was always glad to try out his line on a new girl.

"Here's the guitar, Wally," Lulu indicated the instrument which occupied an angle of the porch near her. "It goes with garden seats, you know."

HE TOOK IT, mechanically. Nina's sudden acquisition of him after a month's coolness was costing him his poise. They walked silently across the lawn to the garden seat.

Lulu watched them take places, side-by-side, on the stone bench under the ash tree, a fairy-white couple in the soft light of the lanterns strung across the lawn. She trembled for the success of her ruse. Would it be exposed too soon to accomplish its purpose? Nina seemed to be a very straight-forward girl. She might ask Wally, directly, who his mother's guest was.

Albert had launched upon a description of the greatest game ever, when Boston Tech won on a touch-down that cost them five legs and a broken shoulder. Lulu listened, but she also watched the little drama of the garden seat.

It looked as if Nina and Wally ate their ice cream in absolute silence. If they talked, they didn't once look at each other. Wally swallowed his ice cream and set his tray on the bench. He had to move the guitar to make room for it, so he held that on his knees and picked at the strings with one-finger twangs.

Suddenly he hung the guitar in his arm and faced Nina. He began to play, softly. Lulu lost the thread of Albert's account while she followed the tune:

"There's a secret in my heart, Sweet Marie,
A tale I would impart, love, to thee.
Every daisy in the dell knows my secret, knows it well,
And yet I dare not tell, Sweet Marie."

Before he had reached the end, Nina was dabbing her eyes. Wally dropped the guitar, took her arm under his and drew her with him into the shadows of the vine-clad summer house.

* * *

Something to Make Thinkers Think

A Charade.

115—My first and second properly may state
What some one else may hold on your estate,
My whole, beheaded and curtailed, you see,
Say what it may, the truth can never be.
But not beheaded or curtailed, my whole
Describes a man who roves from pole to pole;
Who lives, perchance, on India's coral strand,
But never in his own, his native land.

Hidden Birds.

116—In each sentence find the name of a bird. The letters forming the name are continuous.

1. How loudly that popular king was once cheered!
2. If in cheers his worth were estimated it must have been very great.
3. But the best or kingliest cannot be shown that way.
4. We sent Fred over to Rob's house.
5. W. R. Endicott is the tennis champion.
6. He put a card in all the letter boxes.
7. All night, in gales of laughter, they played and shouted.
8. From art into science is quite a step.

Four-word Square.

117—1. A stroke.
2. Great affection.
3. A place where baking is done.
4. A form of the verb "to go."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

112—Numerical Enigma.

"Yes, We Have No Bananas." Crosswords. 1. Weave. 2. Nay. 3. Nonsense. 4. Abash.

113—Transpositions.

Roosevelt. 1. Pear-reap. 2. Rove-over. 3. Peon-open. 4. Vase-save. 5. Bone-ebon. 6. Live-vile. 7. Mite-emit. 8. Nile-line. 9. Note-tone.

114—Four-word Square.

S T E W
T A M E
E M I R
W E R T

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

TOBACCO

TOBACCO—EXTRA SMOKING, 5 LBS., $1.00; 10 lbs., $1.50; 20 lbs., $2.75. Chewing, 5 lbs., $1.50; 10 lbs., $2.75. Quality guaranteed. O'Connor Smokehouse, S151, Mayfield, Ky.

CHICKS

CHICKS 8c UP C. O. D. ROCKS, REDS, Leghorns, and mixed. 100% delivery guaranteed. 18th season. Pamphlet. Box 13. C. M. Lauver, McAllisterville, Pa.

MEDICAL

BELOW PAR FROM STUBBORN BLOOD diseases? Weakened vitality, kidney bladder troubles, constipation, rheumatism, etc.? Markhowe's Re-Building Compound & Blood Purifier, the new herb discovery, succeeds where others fail. Free book, plain envelope sealed. Markhowe Herb Co., 3621 So. State St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 5.

QUICK RELIEF, INTESTINAL INDIGESTION, constipation, gall stone colic, uric acid, high blood pressure. Ed's Rochell Salt Compound Tablets. 25 and 50 cents at drug stores by mail. Andula Medicine Company, Troy, N. Y.

DOES YOUR STOMACH BOTHER YOU? IF so Gastrico is what you need. A box guaranteed to help you mailed on receipt $1.00. Stomach Remedy Company, 3254 Parnell, Fort Wayne, Ind.

EYES GRANULATED, INFLAMED OR weak. Guaranteed remedy. Nobles Company, 461-L, Jefferson City, Mo.

OLD COINS WANTED

OLD COINS WANTED. HAVE YOU AN odd or old coin or bill? It may be worth several dollars. Get posted. Send 4c for Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, AUTOMOBILE oils, roofing, to consumers from samples. No capital or experience necessary; steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 51 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1769 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

TAILORING AGENTS: GET OUR POWERFUL proposition. $35.00 suits for $21.85, including a good profit for you. Big swatch line of samples in handsome carrying case. Hustlers make $75.00 a week. Territory going fast. Write at once. Address Dept. 264, Knickerbocker Tailoring Company, 131 So. Peoria, Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING Bliss Native Herbs, manufactured since 1888 to relieve constipation, rheumatism, indigestion, biliousness. Some agents make as high as $300 per month. So can you. Write to-day. We tell you how. Dept. C 4, Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Bliss Building, Washington, D. C.

GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind sellers. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package Kittredge Co., 13 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

LARGE CORPORATION WANTS A SERVICE man in every town to paste up its signs on store-keepers' windows. Excellent opportunity for reliable party. Steady work. No experience necessary. We also have attractive proposition for agents and salesmen. Guarantee Sign Service, 367 W. Superior St., Chicago.

EARN $10 TO $25 A DAY. SELL BEAUTIFUL, durable "Novo" hosiery, knitted neckwear and full-cut shirts. Direct mill to wearer. Complete family line, silks, sport wools. Customer satisfaction defies competition. All or spare time. Investigate. Novo Mills, Dept. B, 3rd & Sedgley, Phila., Pa.

AGENTS—NEW LUMINOUS GLASSNAME plates, house numbers, glass signs, etc. Shine at night; everybody wants them; big profits. Your pay in advance; we deliver and collect. Elegant samples furnished. Crystal Products Company, 72 Wayne St., Big Prairie, Ohio.

BIG STEADY INCOME. NO INVESTMENT. Protected territory. Sell Harper's ten-use brush set. Sweeps, scrubs, washes windows, cleans walls, etc. Big seller 14 years. Scores making up to $30 daily. Investigate this. Harper Brush Works, 103 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS MAKE $10 DAILY—BIG LINE guaranteed extracts, food products, perfumes, toilet goods, household necessities. No capital or experience needed. Free sample case and instructions. Write for amazing offer. Perkins Products Co., Desk 7, Hastings, Nebr.

MAKE $30.00 DAILY, TAKING ORDERS for $3.98 union-made raincoats. Factory prices. Fast sellers. Wonderful values. Your pay daily. We deliver and collect. American Eagle Raincoat Mfg. Co., 155 N. Union St., Dept. 13, Chicago.

GREAT PROFITS ASSURED CAPABLE men and women joining immediately nationally selling organization for Evenflo self-filling ink-pencil pen. Writes with ink instead of lead. Send for profit proposition. Evenflo Pen Co., 52, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY ESTABLISH permanent business. Most attractive line toilet requisites, entirely new. Be first in territory. Soaps, extracts, remedies, jewelry. Big profits. Catalogue free. Van Ogden, Inc., 1913 Van Buren, Chicago.

BIG FAST PROFITS FOR AGENTS. REPEATER 6 Fuse Plugs sell on sight wherever there is electricity. Do away with lighting troubles. Welcomed everywhere. Get details. Sample 25c. Moss-Schury Manufacturing Company, Inc., 12-A, Detroit, Michigan.

100% PROFIT SELLING OUR FELT rugs to homes, hotels, offices, etc. Everybody buys. We are manufacturers, not jobbers. Prices defy competition. $75 weekly easy. Newark Felt Rug Company, 27-E 16th Ave., Newark N. J.

AGENTS: BIG PROFITS, NO COMPETITION. Make $5.00 to $15 daily selling our beautiful Scripture Text Calendars. Agents now selling from 10,000 to 50,000 yearly. Write now. Messenger Pub. Co., Dept. 119, 314 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—FINEST LINE OF SILK HOSE you ever saw. Latest styles and colors. New style guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. Must give satisfaction or new hose free. Write for samples. Parker Mfg. Co., Sample 209, Dayton, Ohio.

WE PAY $8 A DAY TAKING ORDERS FOR Insyde Tyres. Guaranteed to prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage. Any tire. Tremendous demand. Low priced. Write quick for agency. American Accessories Co., B213, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SELL TAILORING DURING SPARE TIME. Big commissions paid daily selling our $50 virgin wool tailored to measure suits and overcoats $31.50 direct to wearer. Beautiful samples free. Monarch Tailoring Co., 100 Fifth Ave., Dept. F-68, New York.

AGENTS. $16 A DAY. LATEST IMPROVED portable talking machine. Does more than machines costing five times its price. Built in just like a suitcase. Fully guaranteed. Pay you daily. Write Perry-Ludlow Co., S-1911, Dayton, Ohio.

100% PROFIT IN SELLING BEAUTIFUL imitation diamond stickpins. Have wonderful brilliancy. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send 25c for sample pin and agents' proposition. Franco, 6423 Vernon Ave., Chicago, Ill.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights, tableware, stoves. Complete outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

HANDKERCHIEFS, "KWALITY" LINE. Agents get bedrock factory prices. Write for the plan of this dependable business. Turnover Company, 18L East 17th St., New York.

FREE RAINCOAT. GOODYEAR MFG. CO., 2087-C Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat to one person in each locality who will recommend it to friends. Write today.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS SELL SHOES DIRECT TO LADIES at home or at work. Fast selling line. Liberal pay. Splendid opportunity. Apply Now. Style-Arch Shoe Company, 509 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—LADIES' GUARANTEED SILK hosiery $1.25 per pair; silk & wool, heather sports, children's, etc. 14 numbers; no delivery, largest commission. S. Q. S. Co., Dept. 1006, Lexington, Ky.

GREATEST SENSATION! ELEVEN PIECE toilet article set selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dressmakers shears free to each customer. Spring rush on. Foster Reid Co., 78 Winslow Bldg., Station C, Chicago.

SELL MADISON "BETTER MADE" SHIRTS direct from our factory to wearer. No capital or experience required. Easily sold. Big profits. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

BRING HOME THE BACON — SELLING Stuart's Stain Remover. Removes ink, iron rust, grass and fruit stains. Write for free samples and terms today. C. H. Stuart & Co., 5912 B'way, Newark, New York.

MAKE MONEY SILVERING MIRRORS, all kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfits furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 311 Fifth Ave., New York.

AGENTS "CLEANING UP." HOUSEWIVES everywhere talking about wonderful new invention—Perfection Pressure Cooker. Saves money, time, labor. Easy to sell. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 214 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

RUMMAGE SALES MAKE $50.00 DAILY. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. Permanent business. Dept. 40, "Wholesale Distributors," 609 Division street, Chicago.

SELL BOOKS, BIBLES & LIFE OF HARDING on commission. Weekly payments. Outfit furnished. C. B. Winegar, Pub., West Fort Ann, N. Y.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARTICLE plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 114 Locust, St. Louis.

AGENTS. MAKE $50 WEEKLY. IMPORTED bamboo fountain pen. Whirlwind seller. Free sample offer. Mohler, 416 South Dearborn, Chicago.

EVERYBODY USES EXTRACTS. SELL Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line household necessities. Big repeaters. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. B5, Attica, N. Y.

AGENTS. SELL WOLVERINE LAUNDRY soap. Wonderful repeater, and good profit-maker. Free auto to hustlers. Wolverine Soap Co., Dept. D, Grand Rapids, Mich.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO money required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—SELL DUSTLESS DUSTERS, push brooms, fiber brooms; free sample offer. National Fiber Broom Co., St. Louis, Mo.

$10 DAILY REPRESENTING LINE OF 200 articles. Modern Laboratories, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS. EASY money operating our business leads. No capital required. Manufacturer furnishes everything. Cherokee Sales Company, Department BL., Danville, Virginia.

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS RAILWAY mail clerks. Commence $133 month. Steady positions. Travel — see the country. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 25, Rochester, N. Y.

STOP DAILY GRIND. SILVER MIRRORS, headlights, tableware. Replate stoves, jewelry, brassbeds. Dependable plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

MALE HELP WANTED

YOUNG MEN WANTED AT ONCE. BECOME draftsman and earn $50 to $100 a week. No experience required. Big demand; splendid opportunities; clean work. Learn in spare time at home. Send for our free book. Just out. No charge. Address: Department 2235, Chicago Tech., 118 E. 26th St., Chicago.

EARN $110 to $250 MONTHLY, EXPENSES paid as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet. CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards; established 1909; particulars free. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1964 Broadway, New York.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE; large salaries; cities, towns, excellent positions; experience unnecessary; particulars free. Write National Headquarters, 186 East 79th, New York.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BEGINNERS $150-$250 monthly, railroads everywhere (which position?). Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS—START $133 month. Railroad pass; expenses paid; questions free. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY, travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Columbia, St. Louis.

$35 WEEK. MEN 15 UP. BECOME AUTOMOBILE experts. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. C 404, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 636 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS, 17 TO 60, willing to accept Government positions, $117-$200, traveling or stationary, write Mr. Ozment, 106 St. Louis, Mo., immediately.

$1600-$2300. RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C6, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WANTED — WOMEN - GIRLS. LEARN dressmaking. $35 week. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 505, Rochester, N. Y.

EARN MONEY AT HOME DURING SPARE time painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2219, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

WOMEN TO SEW; MATERIAL PREPAID to your house. Plain sewing, steady work. No canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices we pay. Universal Co., Desk 4, Phila., Pa.

LADIES WANTED ANYWHERE CROCHETING lingerie. Instructions, completed sample & price 10c silver. Paris Art, 3, New Haven, Conn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUSANDS who invested in Texas lands. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed, interest in well, participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Make no delay. Invest where it pays to win. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

INCH DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENT 161 MAGAZINES thrice $15. Year $50. Wood's Popular Service, Atlantic City.

PET STOCK

FOR SALE—10,000 WHITE ANGORA RABBITS from a prize winning stock. Must be sold regardless of cost. Price $1.00 each. William Lawson, Gen. Del., Syracuse, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS—FOR SALE

ONE MILLION GERMAN MARKS $10.00. German banknotes here; or 5,000,000 in English Bank at Cologne $10.00. Mail cash. Rivers Hicks, Kentville, N. S., Canada.

PRINTING

100 PRINTED CARDS AND CASE $2.00. Write for samples. William Helm, Printer, 2138 N. Sayre Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED

AUTHORS' MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, seventy-five cents per thousand words. Poems typed, five cents per line. All work given prompt attention. Manda I. Borders, Stratton, Colorado.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

LAND FOR SALE

$10 LAND. TEX., COLO., ARK., TERMS; maps free. International Co., Denver, Colo.

TEXAS LANDS

13c DAILY FOR FEW MONTHS BUYS outright land in Texas and Arkansas giving full oil and mineral rights. Get full particulars. Gulf Realty Company, 702 Bedell Bldg., San Antonio, Texas.

VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA IS A LAND OF MARVELOUS opportunity. Fine new roads. Splendid schools. Plenty of help. Excellent markets. Your dollar goes a long way here. Send for our free booklet of land bargains. B. E. Wheeler & Co., Charlottesville, Virginia.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODESTONE tricks. Catalog free. B. L. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

AMERICA'S GREATEST FORTUNES MADE in this business. Complete outfits sold on easy payments. No experience needed. Opportunities everywhere. Free catalog. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. 15, 724 So. Wabash Av., Chicago.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS PROCURED. SEND SKETCH OR model today for examination, prompt report and advice. Write for free booklet and blank form on which to disclose your idea. Highest references. Promptness assured. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, 238 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATENTS should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion on its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 560, Hannibal, Mo.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

LEARN TO COOK SPANISH DISHES; many other different recipes. Send one dollar. Carmelita, 1326 Liberty St., Los Angeles, Calif.

DOGS

HUNDRED HUNTING HOUNDS CHEAP. Trial. Kaskaskia Kennels, B&L, Herrick, Ills.

RAZORS AND BLADES

BLADES RESHARPENED 15c DOZEN. Agents wanted. Roseto Honery, Roseto, Pa.

PERSONAL

MEN WHO ARE WEAK, NERVOUS, RUNDOWN, if you have lost your power, strength, lack pep, feel downhearted or discouraged, try Castleberry's Pills; relief in 24 to 48 hours. Eight days' treatment mailed, $1.00; sixty days' treatment, $5.00. Full particulars, testimonials and sample free. A. F. Castleberry, Dept. 564, Columbus, Ga.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

THE TRUTH ABOUT WEAK, RUNDOWN, nervous men and women. The glands and the relation they bear to health and happiness. Book of valuable sex knowledge free. Write Standard Pharmacal Corporation, Dept. B, Box 603, Memphis, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOPLE, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY. HUNDREDS WEALTHY. LARGEST, best, most reliable club. Quickest results; write, be convinced. Confidential. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

1000 AUSTRIAN KRONEN OR POLISH marks 10c. Also bonds and currencies of other countries. Write for dealers prices. George Grigoleit, 20 E. Jackson, Dept. B., Chicago.

WORLD'S LEADING MATRIMONIAL CLUB —Thousands worth $5,000 to $400,000, willing to marry. List free. Quick results guaranteed. Honorable Ralph Hyde, 86, San Francisco.

AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN CORRESPONDENCE. Information. English or Scandinavian language. Stamp. Peter Hanson, Box 1005, Chicago, Ill.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS. DIRECTORY and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY, BUSINESS GIRL, 27, WORTH $73,-000. Widow, 43, $36,000. Girl, 19, $40,000. Write for descriptions and photos. Katherine, Box 223, Los Angeles, Cal.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES. Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., 22B29, Camden, N. J.

NOTICE—A LARGE COLLECTION OF PICTURES and descriptions of beautiful ladies sent free to any one upon request. Address Prof. Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamme Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

LONELY GENTLEMAN WOULD MARRY soon. Write fully, send photo please. Address George Gunn, 1170 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

YOUR HOROSCOPE WITH PICTORIAL chart showing character, talents, occupation, life partner, etc. Send 10c, birthdate, St. Germain Society, Dept. 112, Sharpsburg, Pa.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS. WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

MARRY; MANY RICH. PARTICULARS for stamp. F. Morrison, D-3053 W. Holden St., Seattle, Wash.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

FRIENDSHIP MAGAZINE—LEADING MATrimonial and correspondence publication. Free. Address Lacy Brothers, Medina, N. Y.

BRITISH GIRLS DESIRE AMERICAN CORrespondents. Proposition 10c. Clare, 16, Cambridge street, London, S. W., England.

WESTERNER, WORTH $100,000, WANTS wife. Ladies, write. Club, B-200, Cimarron, Kansas.

LADIES, IF YOU WISH A WEALTHY, pretty husband, write me. Box 394, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

LOVING LADY OF MEANS AND PRETTY, would marry. Write Violet Ray, Dennison, Ohio. (Stamp.)

MARRIAGE CLUB—THOUSANDS WANT TO marry. List sent free. Address Southern Agency, Box 325, Columbus, Georgia.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, BOOKlet free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

INDEPENDENTLY WEALTHY WIDOWER, 55, will marry soon. E-Box 55, League, Toledo, Ohio.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY, WORTH $33,-000, will marry. (E-B), Box 1022, Wichita, Kansas.

BUSINESS MAN, 56, COMFORTABLE, would marry. F. Alliance, Box 95, Toledo, Ohio.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

PRETTY GIRLIE, WEALTHY, BUT OH, SO lonesome. C. Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1. Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. S. Hilliard, 146 Barton Ave., Toronto, Canada, wishes to hear from or concerning aunt, Mrs. E. J. Barber. Last heard from in Lake Forest, Chicago, 50 years ago. Left Lehan Kesh, County Fermanagh, Ireland, when 8 years old. Medium height, brown hair and eyes. All information will be thankfully received.

Wanted, address of Dr. Geo. H. Fisher, formerly of Birmingham, Ala., now some place in Oklahoma. Communicate with Box 443, Gulfport, Miss.

Ruptured?—

Throw Away Your Truss!

For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You —We Have Told You the Harm That Trusses Are Doing. We Have Told You That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding Rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance—and That It Is

Sent on Trial to Prove It

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greater success.

Send attached coupon today and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. There is no better guide in life than the experience of others.

Below are a few letters picked, all from our 1921 files, and coming from all sections of the country. They cover the experience of men, women and children.

Some of them may prove of interest to you. We have **thousands** of similar letters, all of them telling the gratitude and joy felt by the writers over the relief and cures brought by the Brooks Appliance.

Read them and try to imagine your **own** joy if you, too, had found all your rupture troubles over.

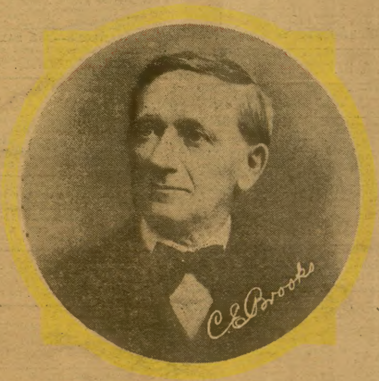
Does Heavy Construction Work

Haverhill, Mass., 89 Water St.,
July 30, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—It has been nearly a year and a half since I wore my Appliance and I feel I am completely cured. Am a carpenter on heavy mill construction and have never felt any effects from the rupture since. The work alone is enough to give it a thorough test. Wherever I can say a word of praise for your Appliance I will very readily do so, and if you should ever have an opportunity to use this letter for reference I would be pleased to have you.

Eugene L. Hersom.



The Above Is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 30 Years Ago, and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured Write Today to the Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Mich.

So Reasonable in Price

Oswego, Ill., Box 53, Van Buren St.,
July 7, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—I am pleased to inform you that your Appliance absolutely cured me and I truthfully recommend it to anyone that is ruptured. I thank you for the wonderful cure that your Appliance gave me and, as it's within the reach of everybody, I should surely think they would get one. If this will help you along you can use it as you wish.

With Best Wishes,
David T. Matthews.

"I Believe Your Appliance Will Cure Any Rupture"

Lansing, Mich., 911 Princeton Ave.,
August 10, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—I bought an Appliance of you about a year ago and, as I haven't worn it for the past three months, I consider myself cured. I have waited to write until I could test it longer and I am so thankful I am cured. I believe that your Appliance will cure any rupture if they will put it on and wear it. I wish that everyone suffering from rupture could know of this cure.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. Carrie B. Morgan.

"Cured in 10 Months"

Toston, Mont., Box 81,
March 1, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—The Appliance which I purchased from you last spring entirely cured me of my rupture after wearing it for 10 months. I can do work now and not be troubled in any way. You may use this letter as reference if it will be of any good to you.

Yours truly,
Elmer E. Ross.

"Thought We Would Try Your Appliance First"

Princeton, Minn., R. No. 5,
April 26, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—Our little girl became ruptured about three years ago. The Doctor said an operation would be about the only cure for her, but we thought we'd try your Appliance first. After wearing it about one year she was cured. She hasn't worn it now for over a year and is perfectly cured. Use my name in any manner for the benefit of those who are suffering.

With best wishes,
Wm. Vedders.

Experience of a Molder

Dayton, Ohio, 329½ E. 3rd St.,
February 14, 1921.

Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Mich.

Gentlemen:—About a year and a half ago I bought an Appliance of you and it has cured me of my rupture. Haven't worn it since October 23rd and feel as if I am entirely cured. I am a molder and did heavy work during that time. I am recommending your Appliance to all I know.

Yours truly,
C. L. Robinson.

Cannot Express Gratitude Felt

Mattoon, Wis., Box 605,
April 10, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—I cannot find words to express my gratitude—all I can say is "Thanks to your Appliance." It has done wonders for my son. It is a year and four months since he was ruptured and after wearing your Appliance four months it disappeared. You can use this in your testimonials.

Truly yours, Frank Beck.

"Two Physicians Pronounced Him Cured"

Baraboo, Wis., 522 Elizabeth St.,
June 20, 1921.

Brooks Rupture Appliance Co.,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sirs:—Over a year ago I purchased a Double Appliance for my infant son. He then had a bad rupture, weighed 9 lbs. and was 4 months old. I never saw the rupture after putting your Appliance on him and two physicians pronounce him cured. For a month he has not had the Appliance on and I now feel he is absolutely cured. I am writing this in case you might wish to refer someone to me who also has a ruptured baby.

Mrs. J. W. Troy.

Remember

Never on sale in stores, as every Appliance is made to order, the proper size and shape of Air Cushion depending on the nature of each case. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send For Brooks Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. **We guarantee your comfort** at all times and in all positions and sell every Appliance with this positive understanding.

"Tried All Kinds of Trusses"

Gordon, Nebr., R. No. 1,
January 6, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—I tried all kinds of trusses without any relief until I bought your Appliance. When I sent for the Appliance I thought it was like all other trusses, but no—it relieved me. I wore your Appliance a long time, being afraid to go without it, but am completely cured. I will be glad to answer any inquiry that is made and words tell how thankful I am.

Sincerely yours,
Gust Nordwalt.

"Have Done All Kinds of Work"

Monson, Maine, Box 234,
March 15, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—It has been two years and over since I wore my Appliance and have done all kinds of work—and have felt fine ever since. It's the best Appliance I ever had and will encourage everyone I see that has a rupture to get one of your Appliances.

Yours,
J. W. Russell.

FREE Information Coupon

**Brooks Appliance Co.,
260 N State St., Marshall, Mich.**

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name..

Address..

R.F.D............City..............................State..............................